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## CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE		PAGE
NOTES OF THE WEEK . . .	413	MIDDLE ARTICLES ( <i>continued</i> ):		CORRESPONDENCE: ( <i>continued</i> ):	
LEADING ARTICLES:		The Mirror Up to Nature. By John		Criminal Spelling Classes. By A. A.	
The Danger in Tripoli . . .	416	Palmer . . . . .	424	Mitchell . . . . .	431
Mr. Asquith's Defeat in Canada . .	417	The Three Roads—III. By Filson		American Operatic Enterprise. By	
Sir Robert Hart . . . . .	418	Young . . . . .	425	Alan Lethbridge . . . . .	431
THE CITY . . . . .	419	Lost Heroes and Triumphant Causes.			
INSURANCE:		By John F. Runciman . . . . .	426	REVIEWS:	
The Alliance Assurance Company . .	420	The Painters of Japan. By Laurence		The Downfall of a Nation . . . . .	432
MIDDLE ARTICLES:		Binyon . . . . .	427	A Cobbler away from his Last . . .	433
High Germany—I. How it feels to		CORRESPONDENCE:		A Burlesque Gracchus . . . . .	434
be Members of Subject Races. By		Ulster . . . . .	428	The Sequel to "Clayhanger" . . .	435
Ford Madox Hueffer . . . . .	421	Canada, Ulster, and the Union. By		NOVELS . . . . .	435
Letters from Wilder Spain: A Mys-		H. C. Daniel . . . . .	429	SHORTER NOTICES . . . . .	436
terious Cave—III. By Willoughby		The Agitator . . . . .	429		
Verner . . . . .	422	The Labour Problem . . . . .	429		
		The Schoolboy Strike. By R. B.			
		Brooke . . . . .	430		

We beg to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Italian grievances in Tripoli are not of yesterday. They are the natural result of the tacit arrangement by which Italy is understood to have a reversionary interest in the country. We do not love our heirs. Italy by position and the large economic interest she has in Tripoli has a lien upon the country which would have to be reckoned with, supposing a break-up of the Turkish Empire. This alone means continuous ill-feeling and friction between the two countries. The Young Turks have undoubtedly resisted any attempts on the part of Italy to develop the country. In the words of the Ultimatum: "All enterprises on the part of Italians in the aforesaid regions constantly encounter a systematic opposition of the most obstinate and unwarranted kind".

Ill-feeling between the two Governments has been increased by the continuous quiet persecution of Italian residents by the Turks. The Ultimatum, in fact, may be regarded as a sudden outburst of temper, hitherto controlled with too much patience. If Italy had spoken more plainly before this, she might perhaps have been less forcibly driven to her present tone. These considerations, though they explain the Ultimatum, scarcely excuse it. Though Italy's grievances have been long maturing, this sudden twenty-four hours' notice of occupation seems to the spectator unadvised and rash. Such a challenge might well put a term to negotiations with a Government really anxious that justice should be done.

The first stage of the Moorish negotiations is now almost complete. The last struggle has turned on the future position of Morocco. Is it to be another Tunis or another Egypt? The Germans are understood to have agreed to full French control, and will thus sur-

render certain rights assured to them in a thirty-year old treaty. This concession simplifies the task of settling the extent of German compensation on the Congo. The French, who have not forgotten 1871, are naturally reluctant to give up any territory to the Germans, and would probably refuse to give it up without something substantial in return.

There is not the faintest doubt about it—the Canadian elections have given the Government and its allies here a sharp shock. Some of their papers have the hardihood to pretend they rather relish the result; are pleased that Canada is for Great Britain not the United States; but really this, as Lord Rosebery would say, won't wash. With Canada Conservative and with England Conservative the Government will not find its schemes of Empire-breaking in Ireland quite an easy matter. After all Canada does rank as chief Colony and after all England—until the Government struck its illicit bargain with Irish rebels—was predominant partner.

Mr. Borden's triumph in the Canadian elections was further emphasised in the last few seats contested. Its significance has been grasped throughout the Empire, perhaps even in Downing Street. The Canadians followed up their crushing vote against the Reciprocity Bill with rejoicings which may be taken as their sense of the escape they have had from a great danger. Sir Wilfrid Laurier's friends have talked wildly and bitterly of the unholy alliance between Mr. Borden and Mr. Bourassa, and no doubt that wonderful sample of Canadian Liberalism in the British Parliament, Mr. Hamar Greenwood, will do his best out of the fullness of his prejudice to convince audiences at home that Mr. Bourassa played a very big part in the election. The truth is that if every Nationalist vote had been cast for Sir Wilfrid Laurier's policy, Mr. Borden would still have won a great and signal victory. He is in no way dependent on Mr. Bourassa and will form a Government backed by a solid and overwhelming Conservative majority. Mr. Bourassa does not count.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier says the cause for which he stood is bound ultimately to prevail. He as completely fails to understand the spirit of the Canadian people now

as when he endeavoured to keep Canadian troops out of the South African war. That the bulk of the Canadians, who are every bit as hard-headed as the Americans, ever imagined they would derive any economic advantage from the reciprocity scheme is difficult to believe. Politically Mr. Taft himself made it clear that they would be cutting their own throats. His "parting of the ways" speech helped Mr. Borden to drive truth home. The indiscretions of Mr. Taft are indeed held accountable for a good deal. In the States the disappointment is thinly disguised. The Americans thought they had the prize in their grasp. They now assure us that the result is not a British victory, but means "Canada for the Canadians", not "Canada for the Empire." It means both, of course. Radicals at home, eager to belittle the Imperial side of the affair, solemnly announce that there will be no increase in British preference. Nor will there be, until a Tariff Reform Government is in power to promote reciprocity within the Empire.

A hundred thousand people crowded to Sir Edward Carson's great meeting at Belfast last Saturday. Twenty thousand were actually at the meeting and heard his speech. The attempt of the Liberal press to belittle the whole thing, and write it away with a jibe or two will only misguide those who wish to be misguided. The dodo has sometimes been written of as the most foolish bird the world has ever known. But there is a far more foolish bird—or at least a bird of tradition—than the dodo: it is the ostrich that puts its head in the sand. Those who laugh away loyalism in the North of Ireland are like the foolish ostrich. Loyalism may or may not be shot down by and by in the North of Ireland; it will never be laughed down. It is too deadly in earnest to be killed by a joke at its own expense.

The Liberal press would do wisely to take another line about the North of Ireland. Why do not Liberals frankly admit, what they know or fear shrewdly to be true, that the North of Ireland is in grim earnest and means to hold out to the end? They can admit as much and yet not in the least damage their case. They may still argue that the North of Ireland is utterly wrong-headed, violent, grossly prejudiced. They can argue that Ulster must be brought to heel or to reason; and that it must bend its stiff knee to the rest of Ireland. Mr. Birrell has said plainly that minorities must suffer. Why should not the Liberals say boldly and outright that they hold Ulster to be in a minority, and that therefore it must fulfil the law and suffer? This would be at least a clear and straight line. The pretence of not taking Ulster "threats" gravely is far less bold, direct and manly.

Besides, even in saying that Ulster is making-believe, the Liberal press gives itself away, for it is constantly declaring now that after all Ulster is half Nationalist at least. It is ready with figures—Home Rule figures no doubt, still figures—to prove that Ulster is quite a strong Nationalist quarter! We are to suppose that Ulster loyalism consists of Captain Craig, the late Mr. Johnson of Ballykilbeg and a few Orange opera comique lodges. What can be weaker and unwise than the Liberal line of to-day?—now warning Sir Edward Carson not to light the dreadful fires of hate, now explaining that the Ulster movement is a movement of lawless violence and exaggeration; now scoffing away the whole business as mere wind and talk and explaining that Ulster is not particularly Unionist, but rather that it is a sort of Home Rule stronghold; and now sending a party of estimable, orthodox Liberals, Eighty Club and Liberal Federation brand, to Ulster to make inquiries about a matter which long ago every Liberal and Liberal paper had made itself thoroughly acquainted with.

We have seen a picture of this Eighty Club party, Mr. T. W. Russell with almost a seraphic smile sitting in the middle of the front rank. Well he may. There is no enthusiast so enthusiastic as a thoroughgoing

pervert. We remember Mr. Russell as about the fieriest opponent of Home Rule in any shape or form who ever sat in the House. We remember how he poured the concentrated essence of bitterness on the people with whom he now sits cheek by jowl. We remember how he sat at Mr. Chamberlain's feet, and by comparison made Mr. Chamberlain seem sweet. And this politician now goes to Ireland as an earnest and dispassionate inquirer! It is this kind of thing that makes many men despair of politics and profoundly distrust them. We know of course that men have revised their political faith and been none the worse for it. To be a vert does not imply loss of virtue. But there is a limit. When we change our political coats, our political skins, let us do it in youth more or less. It is an escapee then. It is in the blood of a young man to change furiously.

Mr. Bird's cheque is still on its travels—or was a day or two ago. The Wolverhampton General Purposes Committee were, it seems, not so "insulted" by the offer of the cheque to them by Mr. Bird M.P. as was stated. They have indeed "respectfully" returned it. We suppose the ratepayers at Wolverhampton are too well off to wish any of their burthens to be lightened. The taxes and the rates there are perhaps not more felt by them—as the Liberal Press has been assuring us—than a paltry £400 a year is felt by a rich Unionist member of Parliament. We congratulate Wolverhampton on at once its pride and prosperity.

Meanwhile what one would like to hear of is a Liberal member of Parliament who is in any difficulties about his salary. In that great party, which—for voting purposes at any rate—includes men with millions and men with nothing at all, red-hot Radicals and mild Whigs, and Levellers and Republicans and some others, there surely should be at least one member who has independent views as to what should be done with his new salary? Do they all intend to take the cash without a whisper? If so, we know of no other question on which they are so absolutely agreed and precise. Yet we still have a hope that some solitary independent of the party will dare to defy the caucus in this matter of cash.

The word "dumping" is put to a strange diversity of uses to-day. We see the "Westminster Gazette" (which gently reproved us lately for an impure application of the word "job") describes Mr. Bird as trying to "dump" his quarter's salary into the borough rates. Our contemporary by the way insists again on the propriety of M.P.s returning the salaries—if they do not want the money—without any "fuss" to the Chancellor. Hush! Not a word on this extremely delicate, purely personal and private affair! Or, besides hurting the feelings of sensitive Liberals who cannot afford to "dump" away the money like Mr. Bird, you may remind the taxpayers and public of what is being done.

The Master of Elibank is a more successful dumper than Mr. Bird. He has dumped down young Mr. Gladstone into a Scottish constituency with which young Mr. Gladstone has no earthly connexion. The Master of Elibank believes in heredity. He should believe in it, for he is what he is and he is where he is through heredity. Thanks to the hereditary system he is Master of Elibank. Is it not, when one comes to think of it, truly amazing that Liberals like the Chief Whip can be found to organise and orate against the very thing through which they have their being? We will not say that it is as hard for a Liberal to go to Heaven as for the camel to pass through the needle's eye; but it is at least as hard for a rich and powerful Liberal of the ruling class to be consistent in his preaching and his practice as for the camel to pass through.

There is such a large assortment of sticks by which Mr. Churchill may be more or less beaten that it is hard to know which are the best ones to do it with; but we cannot quite agree with a correspondent who would choose the Dieppe one. It seems that between

the 7th and 11th of September Mr. Churchill was staying at Dieppe. Our correspondent states that, whilst there, Mr. Churchill spent much time in the Casino "surrounded by a somewhat rowdy crowd of his fellow countrymen who were inclined to 'boo' when he won and to cheer over his losses". Our correspondent goes on to censure severely the Casino and its company and he protests against the Cabinet Minister playing there instead of in private. He thinks it lowers us in the eyes of the French people.

We cannot agree, however, that Mr. Churchill in the Casino is a matter for public censure. Some years ago Lord Rosebery was bitterly assailed by a group of very narrow-minded Nonconformists for owning race-horses or attending races. The "Daily Chronicle", at that time edited by Mr. Massingham (who was under Lord Rosebery's spell), would have none of this sanctimoniousness, and there is no doubt that there was a strong reaction in Lord Rosebery's favour. We cannot see why a Minister on his holiday abroad should not go into the Casino if he chooses or go on to a race-course. He does not go as Minister—he goes merely as man. We hope that Mr. Churchill got more "boos" than cheers in the Casino—the "boos" marking his strokes of good luck. Dieppe must be a considerable relief to him after a course of Dundee.

Mr. Churchill's special police is in all probability a dodge to save the Government from Mr. Keir Hardie's wrath should riots break out anew. This point was pressed home with much force by Mr. Hamilton Fyfe in a letter in the "Pall Mall Gazette" last Wednesday. After the scolding they got from Mr. Keir Hardie and others, the Government have probably resolved not to use the troops if riots occur again—hence Mr. Churchill's tricky device. So much for Mr. Ure's brave boast that if trouble broke out again the Government would act in just the same way! Mr. Ure forgot his Churchill. We were astonished that the Government had the daring to use the troops at all—we should be more astonished if, after the way Mr. Hardie and his friends have attacked them, they did such a thing again.

Mr. McKenna has been particularly busy this week. He led off with a navy speech which has considerably fluttered the Germans. That is the penalty of meekness. A sudden outburst of firmness when it comes startles everyone because it is so unexpected. Was this indeed the lion throwing off the ass's skin? Hardly, for Mr. McKenna, alarmed at the stir caused by the honest, sturdy tone of his first effort, completely changed his style next day in a speech on Welsh Disestablishment. This speech was frankly dishonest. Mr. McKenna, it seems, does not want to disestablish the Church in Wales because he hates the Church. He wants the Church disestablished because he loves it. "After disestablishment", said Mr. McKenna, "the Church of England in Wales would go on flourishing and put forth new branches of vigorous life". Luckily for those who incline to be taken in by this sort of talk, there are Nonconformists who speak in another tone.

For once in a way the military authorities seem to have appointed the right man to the right place. The new Quartermaster-General, Major-General J. S. Cowans, knows the work of the department thoroughly. During the South African war he was head of Q.M.G. 2 This dealt with the transport of the Army. In a sense it was a peculiar post, in that a comparatively junior officer, as Deputy-Assistant Quartermaster-General, was head of an important branch of War Office administration. He did extremely well in this position; and we consider his appointment a good one. He will bring to bear on the deliberations of the Army Council a good knowledge of ordinary military affairs, which hitherto has been somewhat lacking. It is not his fault, but he is one of the few general officers in our Army who has seen no active service. Thus it happens that two of the four military members of the Council—Sir Charles Hadden being the other—have no experi-

ence of the real business of soldiering. Possibly they are none the worse for this. But General Cowans is a man of the world, and a human individual, qualities which so far have not been conspicuous on the supreme Army Board.

A disaster such as happened to the battleship "Liberté" at Toulon startles a world which is absorbed in creating or strengthening navies more than almost any other event. The peculiarity of naval accidents in the French fleet is that in most cases the suspicion crosses the mind that it may be due to other perils than those to which the navies of all countries are exposed. Acts of sabotage which seem a speciality of the French anarchist and revolutionary Socialist are suspected because there is too much reason to believe that the French Navy has been made a special mark for this insane class of conspirators, whom France has bred. This was suggested at the time of the very similar explosion which happened on the "Iéna" also at Toulon in 1907. It remains still a possible explanation of a catastrophe which three years after is surpassed, in all the terrible details which are almost too appalling to read, on board the "Liberté".

Apart from this there are the usual causes which may be assigned in the absence of any positive information for fires on board warships. There is the short circuit or the decomposition of unstable powders. The "Liberté" was so mangled and torn in pieces, and the scenes of terror must so have unnerved those who might have otherwise given some intelligible account of what happened, that there is far more than ordinary difficulty about the investigation. This is a misfortune not only for the French Navy but for all other navies. Such a catastrophe unexplained exposes the mind of every officer and man to a dread of a domestic terror far more trying than the perils of combat with the open enemy. Only by knowing that the science of inventors who have called such mighty forces into existence as those on battleships, and the skill of those who control them, are to be trusted can crews have the confidence of their natural courage. French sailors did splendidly on the "Liberté", but such an experience must be a shock for any fleet.

The evidence of Mr. Tatlow, the manager of the Irish Midland, before the Railway Inquiry represents exactly the present attitude of the companies to the strike. They believe they are masters of the situation, and expect the strike to end very shortly with the men going back to work without having obtained their point. This point is simply whether the companies are to be allowed to convey the goods of employers who have quarrels with their employees. Mr. Tatlow asserts that on such an issue any mediation by Lord Mayors or Board of Trade officials or other eminent outsiders is quite inappropriate, and the companies will not hear of it. This may or may not be a good distinction between such a mediation and one as to hours or wages; but it at any rate shows that the companies are confident that traffic will soon be resumed as usual at the rate it has been taking place. The Amalgamated Society has got so far as proposing that the men should withdraw their claim to refuse goods if the men on strike are reinstated. The Southern Company met the men on Thursday to discuss this proposal, but in the end rejected it, and the strike is not yet over.

Thanks to Sir Guy Granet we now know something of the negotiations which ended in the Conciliation scheme of 1907. When the proposal was mooted the companies refused to grant the men "outside representation" on the Boards. Finding that their attitude had brought matters to a deadlock, the companies made a final offer. If the claim to recognition were abandoned they would accept arbitration in cases which the Boards failed to settle. This was a remarkable concession, involving, as it did, the abandonment by the companies of control over their own finances. The Union leaders, however, were playing for their own hands, and it was only reluctantly and under pressure



that they agreed to the plan. They refused to accept the ten-year period advocated by the companies, and proposed to give the scheme a three-year trial only. In the end they compromised on seven years—with the result we know.

The fight between Wells and Johnson was abandoned as a direct result of the judgment of Mr. Justice Lush on Wednesday. Law and sport, as interpreted by Lord Lonsdale, agree about the fight between Johnson and Wells. The proposed contest at Earl's Court was not ordinary. It differed from most in the amount of money to be received by the fighters, by the attention it had aroused, by the parties being unevenly matched in skill. In fact, giving judgment on Wednesday, Mr. Justice Lush repeated almost exactly the objections of Lord Lonsdale to this affair. The Solicitor-General also dwelled forcibly on the purely commercial character of the agreement between the principals. The panic of sportsmen generally is a little early. We have heard nothing so far of the illegality of boxing in itself. The case against the fight was rested upon its extraordinary character.

The agreement between the principals is a really wonderful document. Every chance of making something out of this so-called sporting contest has been carefully considered and secured in advance by the promoter. Mr. White is to have the exclusive copyright of the cinematograph pictures. Johnson's name is to be used (not for nothing we imagine) in connexion with certain physical culture appliances. Johnson's articles and communications with the press are to belong exclusively to Mr. White. There is all through a fixed determination that not one guinea lawfully to be made from this meeting of two sportsmen shall slip into the wrong fingers. All this is sound, excellent commerce, but sport is to seek.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle has gone over to Home Rule taking his reputation with him. It is a shrewd blow for Unionists! and it is useless pretending to deny that we have been badly frightened. There is consolation in remembering that even the greatest figures in literature have not always been prominent or successful in politics. No historian has cared to note how Shakespeare felt about the post-nati. It would, of course, be put down to sheer malice if we dared to suggest that Sir Arthur was not really a great literary figure. Also it would only exasperate the lovers of Sherlock Holmes—some of whom, it is to be hoped, will remain in the Unionist camp.

No; this is not the time to suggest that Sherlock Holmes is but a tame and popular version of the man who solved the mystery of the murders in the Rue Morgue. Sherlock Holmes is in the hearts of thousands who do not know of Gabriel Oak, and have never heard of Bessie Berry, or the Pilgrim's Scrip. Surely his reputation is thoroughly deserved. He is loved by all who can thrill to a mystery carefully arranged with a view to simple, inevitable solution at the end. Undoubtedly Sir Arthur is a clever writer: we cannot truthfully deny it. He knows his readers so extremely well—simple, honest, puzzle-headed fellows. Dr. Watson proves it: Dr. Watson is Sir Arthur's typical reader.

An English School of Painting in Elizabeth's reign that compares well with any school at any period of art! The highest living authority is said to have looked favourably on these marvels; others are sceptical. Certainly an English school comparing well with the Early Renaissance, the Netherlandish or French Primitifs, not to mention the High Renaissance, has filled at least one daily newspaper with ardent letters signed by "patriots". Calm people may be permitted to wonder where this brilliant school was confined, so that its rays shed no light upon the Elizabethan school as known to students of that period. Where, too, have its astounding products been hidden away until Dr. Shawe so luckily discovered them?

#### THE DANGER IN TRIPOLI.

NO sooner do the Powers appear to be emerging from the Moorish wood than they find themselves involved in the Tripolitan jungle, and of all the European States we have least cause to be pleased with this new menace to peace. Ignorance can hardly go further than it does in certain German prints who see our hand in the Italian move! No country of all concerned runs more risk than ourselves of untoward results from this most sinister proceeding. The letter of the distinguished Mohammedan jurist Syed Amir Ali, a member of the Judicial Committee, explains to those who did not recognise it already the grave dangers that may result to all Powers with Mohammedan subjects and especially to those with large spheres of interest in North Africa. This is of extreme import both to France and ourselves. We both have vast tracts in that region under our control, but the numbers of our Mohammedan subjects throughout the world much exceed those of any other Power. Germany, it is true, finds herself in a very awkward predicament. As the professed and ostentatious friend of Turkey she has to stand by and see her protégé robbed without lifting a finger or else she risks the loss of her ally Italy. In any case she stands to lose, but she cannot very well refuse her countenance to Italy after her melodramatic backing of Austria in the Bosnian business. The Triplice is not serving their friend well. But to France and ourselves the results may be incalculably troublesome and serious if anything like a Holy War were to break out in North Africa. It is not possible to say how far such a conflagration might spread or how far it might affect our rule in India if we were to get the credit of approving Italian action or if we were merely to appear as the complacent abettors of the spoliation of Turkey.

Unfortunately our influence in Constantinople being now a negligible quantity we can do nothing to allay discord. Germany alone can say a word in season, but it does not appear that her mediation is the least likely to have any satisfactory result. Italy is resolved to assume at once a Protectorate over Tripoli. No doubt she has been preparing for a long time and is adequately equipped to carry out the enterprise. For the rest of the world it would seem that either her success or failure may be equally disastrous. Germany, however, is undoubtedly not very well qualified morally to ask her to stay her hand, for it was German policy that especially encouraged her to look to Tripoli for compensation when France had gone to Tunis and indeed earlier. As long ago as 1866 Bismarck was whispering that Italy might hope for a Mediterranean Empire and Mazzini suggested it even before Italy existed at all. For at least ten years France has formally sanctioned Italian ambitions in Tripoli. The original arrangement was made in December 1900 and the whole thing was made definite and precise in November 1902, the map annexed to the Anglo-French Treaty of 1899 being appealed to as fixing the boundaries between Tunisian and Tripolitan territory. All this was certainly not done without our knowledge and acquiescence for our relations with Italy in the Mediterranean have long been regulated by friendly agreement. Though the Italian coup is very annoying both for France and ourselves, there is no chance of our interfering usefully. It may be plausibly argued that, to enforce her claims Italy had to act soon and the practical acquisition of Morocco by France naturally set the pace. The Italian Ultimatum offers no such serious grounds of complaint as to justify the forcible appropriation of a Turkish province. But any allegation serves when aggression is determined upon. It may well be that Turkish officialism has been dilatory and aggravating—as it invariably is—but the only possible excuse for the Italian Government is that the question has really become a national one, or has been made so, and that no Ministry could withstand the national demand. There is apparently some substance in this excuse, but it must be said that Italy has proceeded in the most inconsiderate way both to her allies and her friends. They have had no chance of



helping her to remedy her grievances by putting pressure on Turkey. They are faced with what is practically a *fait accompli* and left to take the consequences so far as they may concern themselves, which they may well do to a most disquieting degree.

As for the Turks, it must be admitted that they have done little of late to encourage their well-wishers. They have only succeeded in justifying the worst fears of those who predicted that Turks, whatever they called themselves, remained the same, incapable of really assimilating Western ideas or of learning from the past. Recent proceedings in Albania and elsewhere have only made it too clear that subject races in the Ottoman Empire have now little to hope from a change of régime. The little finger of the Young Turk has proved thicker than the loins of Abdul Hamid. If a grave conflict breaks out between the Turkish Government and a great Power, it is impossible to believe that Albania will not revolt. Then a general scramble will begin in the Balkans, Austria may be forced to make her projected move on Salonika, and it must be followed by Russian action. It is impossible to avoid comment on the smug lecture delivered by Italy to the Balkan States. They are not to move while she plunders their oppressor at her ease. We can only hope that Turkey will not fall upon Greece to provide herself with compensation or in desperation proclaim a Holy War, the end of which no man can see.

Italy will no doubt allege that German intrusion at Agadir showed her that, if compensation for French aggrandisement in the Mediterranean area be sought for, it must be by means of the mailed fist. To fix the ultimate responsibilities for any particular policy of aggression is not very profitable speculation. That sort of thing spreads like the ripples on water once disturbed by a stone. No one, however, need envy Italy the possession of Tripoli: any Power is likely to find occupation for its energies there for a long time to come. Turkish influence, which some years ago was almost negligible, has greatly increased of late, and Turkish troops have occupied stations close to the recognised frontiers of the French Soudan. A great deal in the future will depend on the action of the powerful sect of the Senussi, whose influence extends over the whole of North Africa. Should they take up the Turkish cause as a religious obligation the effects may be grave both for France and ourselves.

It is impossible in the circumstances to feel any very warm sympathy either for Italy or Turkey. Our only sentiment at present is one of extreme annoyance. Italy has a right to every proper trade facility, and no doubt in the case of a break-up of the Turkish Empire her right to the reversion of Tripoli has been recognised, but this is no real justification for her present action. As there are more British than Italian subjects in Tripoli, principally Maltese, we are also involved in the matter, and shall have to look to their safety. Nor is our trade negligible; two-thirds of the imports come from Great Britain, though the shipping is mostly in Italian hands. It is, however, the indirect effect of Italian action which chiefly concerns us. French opinion already suggests that it means the rearrangement of the map of North Africa. Unfortunately, unless Italy shows moderation in time, it may mean a good deal more. How much it is hard to conjecture.

#### MR. ASQUITH'S DEFEAT IN CANADA.

THE Canadian elections have ended in the triumph of the Imperial idea and of the principle of popular, as distinct from Parliamentary, authority. This is a hard blow to Mr. Asquith and his colleagues. British Ministers have welcomed Reciprocity in language arguing some warmer feeling than benevolent neutrality; and the British Ambassador at Washington not only assisted and encouraged the progress of the negotiations but even concerned himself with the conferences with Canadian industrialists before the purely diplomatic work. This assistance was given although, as the Premier-Elect has not failed to point out, Sir Wilfrid Laurier had no mandate whatever for his policy. No

consideration of this sort could be expected to weigh with a Government which is about to disrupt the Union and gerrymander the franchise without regard to mandate; but it is bound to affect the opinions of Canadians. Our Government forgot that the Dominion is blessed with a constitution which enables it to deal with political dangers while they still threaten and before they have matured; and the position to-day is that the Colonial Office will shortly be in touch with a Canadian Ministry which owes its existence to indignation against a policy advocated by Sir Wilfrid Laurier with the connivance of Downing Street.

It is not surprising that the Radical conscience is uneasy. There is something ludicrous in the haste with which a Ministerial organ has expressed its confidence that the change will not affect the relations between London and Ottawa. How can relations possibly remain unaffected? The British Ministry has directly opposed what is now seen to be the overwhelming desire of the Canadian people. Worst of all, the names of our leading Radical politicians have been used by the Laurier press throughout the campaign. There was indeed only one plausible answer to the charge that Reciprocity would endanger the Imperial connexion. It was that the Agreement was agreeable to the Imperial Government. These things cannot at once be buried and forgotten, and the memory of them must needs influence the views of the new Canadian Cabinet. But the responsibility for any friction that may occur rests solely with the British Government, which has chosen to regard its Imperial authority as a means to be used against Tariff Reform. It is too late now for it to appeal to its opponents to keep the Dominions out of party politics. It has played an ill game and lost, and must take the consequences.

Already there are signs that the order has been given to minimise the significance of the Canadian vote. In one quarter, for instance, it is explained that the Canadian electorate, looking at the treaty without any prejudice in favour of Cobdenism, decided that they had been invited to make a bad bargain. They saw that the movement for Tariff Revision was making rapid progress in the States and concluded that if they had a little patience they would get all that the Agreement offered without making any concession in return. This theory deserves credit as an ingenious explanation of an unexpected defeat. But its cleverness must not disguise its falsity. The best way to discover what Mr. Borden's victory really means is to study the speeches of the politicians and the comments of the chief newspapers throughout the campaign and especially in its closing stages. Such a study can leave no doubt that the issue turned not on the economic question but on the possible political consequences. The man who put the Conservatives in power was President Taft.

Only the purblind would suggest that in apprehending annexation the Canadians saw ghosts and voted while shivering with unnecessary fear. In the modern world economic conditions determine most things. The Tariff Reformer who argues that inter-Imperial trade is the necessary preliminary to inter-Imperial Union, and the Canadian who feels that commercial reciprocity would pave the way for political Continentalism both look facts fairly in the face. It is because Canadians kept their eyes on what lay behind the immediate issue that their verdict can safely be described as a triumph for the Imperial idea. It means that Canada is resolved to develop her nationhood as a constituent part of the British Empire and not as the appanage of a foreign Power. It means that she intends her commercial progress to run east and west—east as far as England, west as far as New Zealand—and not north and south. It means that only in the gradual strengthening of the Imperial tie can she find the assurance of an individual life of her own, complete in itself, and contributory to a larger whole but not merged in it. These are the ideas for which the people of Ottawa cheered when they welcomed Mr. Borden to the capital.

In the strength of this manifestation of Imperialism lies the surest hope that the blunders of Downing Street will yet be made good. But it would be fatal to assume that the ideas now triumphant must necessarily endure

for ever. The past history of Canada is emphatic evidence to the contrary. Three times has this question of reciprocity come before the Canadian public: first when the provinces had determined upon confederation, next when the National Policy was about to enter on its most effective phase, and last now, when the nation created by the National Policy consciously confronts its future. The question has thus arisen at each important stage of Canadian development and is certain to arise at least once again. The time will come when Canada feels herself to be not only a nation but a nation of a particular quality, and she will then again have to decide upon her relations with Great Britain and her Southern neighbour. It is for the administration now about to assume office to make the preliminaries for the next settlement. What, then, is required to develop Canada on lines Imperially sound?

First and foremost comes Preference. The Conservatives are hard-headed men, free from the sentimentality which led their predecessors into concluding the Reciprocity Agreement. The new Government is eager enough to do business with Britain but it takes two to make a bargain and the other party is at present wanting. In this direction, then, advance is blocked. But the question of men is at least as important as the question of trade, and the heavy influx of American immigrants into the Prairie Provinces has caused some anxiety to patriotic Canadians. A possible means of increasing the British element was suggested at the Imperial Conference this summer when the Board of Trade proposed that the Labour Exchange system should assume Imperial dimensions. But Sir Wilfrid Laurier had his eye on the coming elections and refused to touch a scheme which might lose him the votes of the Canadian Labour party, an annexe of the American organisation. The proposal may now perhaps be revived under more favourable auspices, but at the moment it will not be very easy for Britain, busy as she is with a back-to-the-land policy of her own, to supply Canada with many men of the required type.

There remains the question of defence. A great deal has been made of the so-called unnatural alliance between the Conservatives who want to do more for the Navy and the Nationalists who want to do nothing. The alliance is not nearly so unnatural as has been represented. As things are now Canada possesses an infant navy which is under the control of the Canadian Parliament while within a certain area, but which passes under the control of the Admiralty when sent outside it. In the event of war a heavy responsibility will thus fall upon the Ottawa Parliament. Sentiment will advise the gift of active assistance to the Imperial Government, but under present conditions it does not follow that this course will also be dictated by Canadian interests. Imperial unity must develop before the common Imperial interest can become manifest. Mr. Borden and Mr. Bourassa both feel this difficulty but would solve it in somewhat different ways. Mr. Bourassa holds that Canada would be secure if she protects her coast and raises a militia. Mr. Borden believes that this is not enough and advocates an unconditional money payment to the Imperial authorities. Both, however, condemn a scheme which, while not giving the Dominion a voice in the determination of a policy, compels it to express a verdict on its consequences. A careful survey of facts will help to reconcile the Conservative and the Nationalist views, and we may fairly expect that one of the first and most conspicuous results of the change of Government will be a fresh discussion of Imperial defence. It is to be hoped that Mr. Borden will not allow his proposals to be pigeon-holed by an unsympathetic individual at the Colonial Office but will insist upon their publication.

#### SIR ROBERT HART.

IF the story of a nation could be supposed divisible into compartments, the career of Sir Robert Hart might be taken as marking an epoch in the history of China. China has undergone many convulsions in the

course of her evolution from a series of small principalities grouped round a Central State into a great Empire covering half of Asia. She has been rent by civil war and insurrection and has been conquered by Mongol and Tartar, but has ended always by driving out or assimilating her conquerors and continuing her national life along her accustomed lines. The advent of Europeans by sea was the beginning of a new and vastly more disturbing experience, though it was long before even that innovation began to take effect. The ineffable superiority of the Celestial Authority had seemed to its exponents so unquestionable that even the lesson of 1841-2—rendered imperative if European intercourse was to be carried on under endurable conditions—had hardly shaken their conceit. When Sir Robert Hart went out, in 1854, to joint H.M. Consular Service, European intercourse was limited to the five ports opened by the Treaty of Nanking; and the idea of strengthening the native Customs system by foreign co-agency had barely dawned. That system, lax in itself, had, however, proved quite unable to cope with the larger scale and rougher character of foreign trade; and the situation had become well-nigh intolerable when the capture of Shanghai by a body of Triad rebels, in 1853, brought matters to a climax by upsetting what semblance of organisation remained. The fiscal chaos which ensued led to a conference in the following year between the Taotai and the British, French, and American Consuls, at which it was agreed that the Taotai should appoint one or more foreigners of undoubted probity and position to act as Inspectors of Customs, together with a mixed staff of foreigners and Chinese as subordinates. Three Inspectors were accordingly nominated: Mr. (afterwards Sir Thomas) Wade to represent Great Britain, Mr. Carr to represent the United States, and Mr. Smith to represent France. But, inasmuch as Mr. Wade was the only one who had any knowledge of the Chinese language or any aptitude for the post, the chief burden of organising the new office fell on his shoulders; and when he resigned in the following year another member of H.M. Consular Service, Mr. H. N. Lay, was appointed in his stead. This was the origin of the Imperial Maritime Customs Service; and—the system which had been evolved at Shanghai proving well suited to the requirements of the case—it was extended (in 1858) under the Treaty of Tientsin to all the Treaty Ports. Mr. Lay became Inspector-General, and Mr. Hart was appointed in the following year to be Commissioner of Customs at Canton. Mr. Lay held office for five years under the new arrangement, though he was absent on leave during 1861-3, when Messrs. Hart and FitzRoy were appointed by Prince Kung to act in his stead. He resumed office in May 1863, but resigned six months later under circumstances which implied a singularly exaggerated estimate of possibilities. Mr. Lay had been commissioned to procure, while in England, a fleet of gunboats for the suppression of rebellion and piracy, to the command of which he had nominated Captain Sherard Osborne—than whom no more capable chief could have been desired. But he required, on his return to China, that the fleet should be under their (Lay and Osborne) exclusive orders. Such a request could not be acceded to: the great Provincial Authorities, for instance, in whose waters the ships would have had to operate and who would have been required to contribute towards their upkeep, would not listen to such a proposition. The fleet was accordingly paid off, the ships were sold, and Mr. Lay resigned.

It was now that (on the 30 November 1863) Mr. Hart took up the post which he was to occupy for forty-five years with such conspicuous success. We have seen that the foundation of the new service had been laid nine years previously; but it was by no means, yet, the centralised and highly organised institution it became under his control. Time and tact were needed to overcome obstacles and conjure away friction in developing a service alien in principle and method from the lax methods of Provincial collection hitherto in vogue. Suffice it to say that the process required a



combination of qualities—patience, tenacity, and self-restraint, to say nothing of higher abilities, which Mr. Hart possessed in an eminent degree. It was not to be expected that a cosmopolitan service which grew to number some 1400 foreigners of nineteen different nationalities and more than 10,000 Chinese, could be administered altogether without friction; and none probably but the late "I.G." knew the degree of resistance to pressure from without that was required to avert irritation within. Few perhaps would have succeeded in keeping the wheels moving so smoothly under such conditions; and if they showed a tendency in later years to grate more than in earlier days, it may well be that the growth of international rivalries and ambitions coincident with the débâcle of 1896 and of domestic jealousies indicated by the creation (in 1907) of a Chinese Board of Control, made it increasingly difficult to maintain the independent position which had been an essential factor of success. The value to the Imperial Government of a service that could be trusted to collect honestly, and account exactly for, a considerable revenue when everywhere else were malversation and confusion—the value to the Empire of a model of organisation and integrity when everywhere else were laxity and peculation—have been noted with almost tiresome iteration. It has been less often noted how little profit Chinese limitations have permitted them to draw from the advantages provided. For this revenue has been pledged to the hilt as security for loans which have been muddled away mainly in wars and indemnities; and no sign is yet apparent of a desire to reorganise or purify any other branch of the financial administration or to introduce a system of accountability in accord with the example presented. Is the land-tax gatherer less corrupt because the hands of the Customs collector are clean? Is the movement of commerce inland taxed more scrupulously because the machinery of the Maritime Customs works with precision? We hear of a mission to investigate European gaols, as though the gaols in the British settlement at Shanghai and in Hong Kong—gaols adapted to peculiarities of climate and conditions—had not been available for years for study and imitation. Armour-propre forbids the Mandarins to admit a scintilla of foreign control over the expenditure and administration of money borrowed to make railways; while the necessity for that supervision is declared by the disrepair into which the Chinese-administered line from Peking to Hankow has been allowed to fall. It stands to Sir Robert Hart's credit that he ceased not from pointing out the necessity for reform and the danger of neglect; but such matters do not present themselves in the same light to foreign and Chinese-official eyes. There have been great changes during the period covered by his career. Telegraphs have been introduced; steam has been introduced, ashore and afloat—steamers on the coast and rivers, and railways inland; a postal system on the European model has been introduced to supplant the antique and slow, though efficient in their way, methods of pre-foreign days; the educational system has been changed and based on Western science instead of Chinese classical lore. And all this implies that the outlook has been changed. Chinese officials have been led to recognise that in respect of mechanical appliances, at least, European knowledge was superior. Travel and experience have led them to recognise that Chinese international superiority was an untenable proposition. But they have made no beginning in more essential directions. The judicial and financial abuses, which are among the gravest in Chinese polity, remain practically untouched. A scale of twentieth century expenditure has been based on a system of mediæval finance, and great loans have been contracted with a freedom that has perhaps temporarily obscured the weight of their incidence. When Sir Robert Hart landed in China the Emperor was still at least titular suzerain over all contiguous States. The fealty exacted may have been slight; the tributary embassies varied in frequency and significance; but they came. Annam and Tongking have since been surrendered to France, Burmah to Great Britain, Korea

and Formosa to Japan. The situation in Manchuria can with difficulty be defined. Theoretically and diplomatically speaking, Chinese authority is supreme and independent; but the great interests and influence asserted by Russia and Japan constitute a serious blot on the escutcheon.

It would lead us far beyond our scope to enquire into the root causes of a decline which contrasts with the aggrandisement and ascent of Japan to the position of a first-class Power. There are those who hold that the fable of the hare and the tortoise may again be realised, and Sir Robert Hart consistently affirmed that China would sooner or later—and sooner rather than later—recover and attain the position to which the magnitude of her natural resources and the multitude, industry, and intelligence of her people entitle her to aspire. But we are not concerned to-day with prophecy. We have been concerned only to present such an outline of events during the last fifty years as to justify our remark that the period of Sir Robert Hart's career marks an epoch in the history of China. The picture might have been different if the self-sufficiency which impels her to reject foreign help or control had not deterred her from availing herself more fully of his advice. Yet not only did her notables reject, as though no model had been before them, proposals for a reorganisation of the land tax which Sir Robert submitted in 1905; they went so far even, in the following year, as to threaten the Customs Service itself by creating—without, it is said, the slightest intimation of their purpose—a Chinese Board of Control, which would have proceeded doubtless to further encroachment if the maintenance of its integrity had been a less cogent international interest. Some men would have resigned. Sir Robert remained, in hope, no doubt, of parrying the incidence of the blow; and took his long-deferred leave in the following year. An edict has appeared since his death conferring on him the posthumous honour of Senior Guardian to the Heir-Apparent. It is a high distinction in Chinese eyes, and is the complement of many others. The number of decorations conferred upon him not only by Chinese but by Foreign Governments must, indeed, constitute a record—unlikely to be rivalled, still less surpassed. One can only regret, in the interest of the Chinese themselves, that fuller use was not made during his lifetime of the qualities and experience which he placed so loyally at their disposal.

#### THE CITY.

A DISTINCT improvement in Stock Market conditions has occurred this week, but quotations have not had a chance of responding to the more optimistic sentiment. The failure of the Bank of Egypt, the Turko-Italian dispute, and the reported hitch in the Morocco negotiations, had they come singly, might have been regarded with equanimity; but coming together they produced an effect sufficient to hinder an incipient revival of activity.

The Bank of Egypt suspension was a complete surprise to all except a select few, but its individual influence on the markets was slight. This is accounted for by the facts that the bank's stock investments do not exceed £600,000 in value; that its liabilities on current accounts, amounting to about £500,000, are wholly located in Egypt; and that its acceptances, totalling about £1,500,000, are distributed among several wealthy foreign banks, which are not seriously inconvenienced thereby, particularly as 60 per cent. of these liabilities can be met immediately under the scheme arranged by a syndicate of banks headed by the National Bank of Egypt. The depositors will be paid off in full, and the remaining 40 per cent. of the liability to acceptance holders is expected to be liquidated as the assets of the bank are realised, provided that this arrangement is approved. As regards the shareholders it is feared that nearly the whole of the capital, including that at present uncalled, has been lost.

Apart from a decline in Turkish and Italian bonds, the Tripoli affair has not had any serious effect upon quotations. Fortunately the Paris bourse maintained



a calm attitude, but the anxiety felt concerning the probable course of international securities was intensified by the news that Germany had made some fresh reservations regarding Morocco. The rapid succession of unfortunate occurrences, including the failure of an important discount house last week, has inspired the strictest caution among big financial institutions, and this influence, at a time when cash resources are being conserved on account of war rumours, deprives the investment markets of support which would be available under normal conditions. The heavy decline in American stocks has also necessitated a careful watch on the Wall Street situation.

The collapse of the Irish railway strike, with its evidence of limitation to the power of the A.S.R.S., has improved the tone of the Home Railway market. Some small investment orders, attracted by low prices and high yields, are reported, and the technical position certainly favours a further improvement, although it is improbable that there will be any active demand before the Railway Commission's decisions are known. On the other hand, the American market is in a highly feverish condition. The violent fluctuations suggest that influential factions in Wall Street are at war, and the safest course for small operators is to adopt the rôle of spectators until the outlook becomes clearer. Fears of further Trust dissolutions have led to heavy selling of Steel Corporation and Amalgamated Copper stocks, but the Morgan group managed to scare the bears by declaring that no negotiations between the Steel Trust and the Government had taken place. Why this statement should have been delayed can only be conjectured, and even the reported Morgan support was not sufficient to prevent another determined bear attack, which in due course was followed by another recovery. The behaviour of the market indicates some subterranean volcanic action in Wall Street which cannot be explained by the ordinary laws of supply and demand.

Canadian railway stocks have not benefited appreciably from the result of the elections, but this is accounted for by a belief that Reciprocity with America might have brought increased traffics. Furthermore Canadian Pacifics have been depressed by Continental selling and by their association with the American market. Grand Trunks are a little stronger, although the latest traffic receipts were scarcely up to expectations. Mexican Rails have been more active. Prices improved appreciably in anticipation of the dividend announcement on account of the last half-year, and the declaration of 2½ per cent. on the ordinary stock exceeded the estimates of the majority of dealers, but it was accepted as a signal for profit-taking and quotations promptly receded.

The Mining markets have assumed a brighter complexion generally, but the East Rand incident has prevented the upward movement from making headway. The loss of gold in the cyanide vats of the East Rand Proprietary Company can only be explained by loose management, and the heavy selling of shares before the exact state of affairs was disclosed is a matter which requires strict investigation. It is therefore particularly unsatisfactory that the directors should be endeavouring to prevent a Government inquiry.

In the miscellaneous departments, Oil shares have suddenly come into some prominence under the lead of Shells. This has provoked rumours of a settlement of the oil trade war, which is not beyond the realms of possibility, but requires unqualified confirmation. The Maikop group is still in a bad way, and the outlook is not improved by the reports of dissensions between the leading personalities in the industry.

### INSURANCE.

#### THE ALLIANCE ASSURANCE COMPANY.

NOT all insurance companies, by any means, have gained by purchasing the business of rivals, and in not a few instances disaster has overtaken the eager buyer. The great success achieved by the Alliance Assurance Company, Ltd., proves, however, that care-

fully thought out amalgamations can lead to permanent prosperity. As an absorber of other companies the Alliance easily holds the premier place, its record in this respect being quite unique. Established in 1824, it first took over in 1847 the fire business of the Insurance Company of Scotland, and two years later the Suffolk Equitable Fire was absorbed. The next venture of the company was the acquisition of the Sheffield Fire Office in 1863, and in the following year the Hants, Sussex and Dorset and District (Birmingham) offices were drawn into the net; while the same fate attended the Western Fire Office, of London and Manchester, in 1868, the King's Lynn Fire in 1873, and the Provincial in 1874. Some years then elapsed before the need for further expansion was felt, but in 1883 the directors successfully negotiated for the fire business of the Scottish Imperial Company, and the Norwich Equitable Fire.

So far the aim of the board seems to have been mainly directed towards extending the connexions of the fire department, which had now become possessed of substantial funds and a considerable premium income, but in 1888 a favourable opportunity occurred to add importance to the life department. The Royal Farmers'—absorbed in that year—transacted both descriptions of business, and its acquisition materially increased the influence of the life office. So valuable did this purchase prove, that about two years later the important Provincial Assurance Company was added to the list of acquisitions, together with £358,357 in the way of funds, and the life premium income shortly rose above £200,000. Attention was then again given to the fire branch, successive absorptions being the Salop and the Shropshire and North Wales in 1890, the Royal Canadian (Montreal) and the Tasmanian (Hobart) in 1891, and the Union Fire of New Zealand in 1892. The next decade was spent in consolidating and naturally extending the important business that had thus been built up, but in 1902 the Imperial Fire and Imperial Life Offices were appropriated, subsequent transactions of the same kind having been the acquisition of the Alliance, Marine and General in 1905, the Westminster Fire, the County Fire and the Provident Life in 1906, the Law Fire in 1907, and the Economic Life in the early part of the current year.

At least two dozen rival businesses have been acquired in one way or another by this enterprising company, but so far not a single mistake has been made. All purchases by the Alliance have turned out well, and a really great insurance office is now in existence. When the accounts for the past year were published the paid-up capital stood at £1,000,000 and the various funds showed a total of £17,060,820, of which £12,864,166 was held by the life department, £2,100,000 by the fire department, £428,426 by the marine department, £210,575 by the several accident branches, £78,250 as a general fund, £593,740 as a sinking fund and capital redemption fund, and £786,662 as balance at credit of profit and loss account. These few amounts sufficiently indicate the magnitude of the business which to-day is possessed, but it may be worth while to mention that last year the company received in its various departments very nearly three and a quarter million pounds in the form of premiums, interest (net), fees, and fines.

Both at home and abroad, indeed, the Alliance has now become one of the most important of insurance institutions; that much is generally known, and is patent to everybody. It is not quite so well known however that the great office of the present day is largely the outcome of a series of most judicious amalgamations—undertaken not with a view to increasing the premium income, but in order to obtain a firm footing in special directions and in certain localities. Most absorptions of life, fire, and other insurance businesses result either from a desire for increased revenue, or because the office which allows itself to be taken over finds itself confronted by financial or actuarial difficulties. Fusions of this kind seldom lead to the purchasing office being greatly benefited; it obtains premium income and more or less in the way of funds, but its solidity is not improved, nor is its influence materially

increased. In most cases, indeed, the after-results are unsatisfactory. No future trouble, however, is likely to arise from any one of the purchases made by the Alliance Assurance Company. One and all of them, it may be said, have originated out of a settled policy of gradual expansion, and out of innumerable offers made to the directors only the very soundest propositions have been entertained.

#### HIGH GERMANY.—I.

##### HOW IT FEELS TO BE MEMBERS OF SUBJECT RACES.

By FORD MADOX HUEFFER.

DOWN below, at the bottom of the hill with the many barrows, a dog barked unceasingly. It is absurd the amount of colour they get into these German landscapes. It is almost as if nature had gone mad. The only thing that, beneath the hot sun, was sober was the bit of hill-top with the barrows where we lay. The hill might have been a little piece of an English down, dun coloured, irregular, and quarried again and again. But the ploughed land that came up to our feet was reddish in the high lights and purplish in the shadow. The boughs of the apple trees, absurdly thick with nacreous blossom, pushed themselves wildly up at the blue sky between the scarlet roofs of houses that were whitewashed and then painted, between their black timbers, with bouquets of flowers, stags, or pious, joyous, complaisant or defiant verses. One of these verses as we had come up through the village we had observed to run: "God helped me to build this house. If you mock at its appearance you will not hurt me, for with the aid of God I built it to please myself." And lying one day on just this range of hills an old Landgraf Heinrich eight hundred years ago made up this verse: "There is no place so pleasant as this valley that I look upon. For it has a river that is beloved, good hunting, pleasant woods, fine hills and excellent feeding, as well as many apple trees and song birds." And, triumphantly, he adds: "Und dat ick mein!"—"And that I think and that is mine."

He must have been a fine old man, and all that he said of his valley which contains still the "beloved" river Lein—all that he said is true.

The dog continued to bark incessantly, 240 little sharp barks to the minute, and then suddenly it came into our head to observe that the creature was standing planted just outside its hedge and barking at us. We lay quite still, the dog stood perfectly still and barked. It seemed to resemble the result of several crosses between a rat, a rabbit, and a wire-haired terrier. But it was so far down the hill that the sharp notes of its voice were no more disturbing than the rustle of wind in the false bent grass on the barrows. And, suddenly, again it came into our heads to wonder whose territory the dog with such a querulous valiance was defending against us people who lay among the forgotten dead.

We could not say, without looking at a map, whether this country was the Kingdom of Hanover, the Duchy of Brunswick, Westphalia or Prussia proper. It has been all these things by turns, and it is certainly Prussia now. There is no doubt about that. And once in addition it was certainly English territory in a manner of speaking, and once, without any figure of speech at all, it was much more certainly part of the Empire of France. Now the peace of Prussia broods all across the broad landscape. Conquered territory, that is what it all is, and the cross between a Hanover rat and an Irish terrier continued vociferously to defend it. After all, that was patriotism.

Consider all the owners of this land from Henry the Lion till the days of Imperial Chancellor Bethmann-Hollweg! Consider their splendid feats, or the mere tough obstinacy of their patriotisms. Consider how they won great fights and lost all their territories. It does not matter whether it was George by the grace of God King of Great Britain, France and Ireland, who got hold of Celle by marriage with Dorothea of that

ilk, and then got rid of Dorothea. It does not matter that George II. fought with the obstinacy of that rat-dog at Dettingen. It does not matter that in 1809 the Duke Frederick William, "with only nineteen hundred men, pierced through the all-conquering French from Bohemia to the river Weser". He took Halberstadt by storm; he beat back the French before the gates of the town which from our barrows we can see in the distance. He pierced through till he came to the North Sea and to England. He fought with his troop in the Peninsula and fell at Quatre Bras two days before Waterloo. He and his nineteen hundred men were the Black Brunswickers, and it is a good thing to remember what they did.

And lying in the hot sun on the brown grass, looking at all this conquered territory, we remember that we too are conquered. It is an odd, sleepy thought. Far below us lies what was once, in a manner of speaking, English territory. On the barracks just by the town gate we shall see still the Royal arms of England. And below us lies what was once Westphalian territory, and, in a manner of speaking, we are Westphalian. Actually we, the conquered, are subjects of the Grand Duke of Hessen-Darmstadt und bei Rhein, a most charming potentate. But we Hessians in moments of picturesque depression are accustomed to say that we are not Prussians but "Must-Prussians". We don't want to be, but we cannot help it. We have against Prussia numbers of grievances, connected with railways and all sorts of little things.

So that we, lying among the barrows, are most extraordinary conquered people. We could not be more conquered if we tried. The sun is very warm; the sky is very blue: the dog-rabbit-rat entertains us with the queer sound of its 240 barks a minute. But are we, English-Westphalian-Hessian—a queer mixture like that of the rat-rabbit-dog—are we going to get up and do anything about it? Not a bit of it. We shall not be even as energetic as the triple quadruped. We have not got so much as a bark in us.

And why? It is disgraceful to be conquered. It ought to be mortifying to lie with a threefold mailed heel upon our throats. But really we cannot feel disgraced; we cannot feel mortified; we can only feel it odd that we don't. For consider this tremendous Prussia that lies all abroad across this land, more evenly than the light of the sun itself. Look at the old, old town on the horizon; mark how its roofs smoulder in the sunlight and its cathedral towers burn with their burnished gold. No doubt the man who could write triumphantly, eight hundred years ago, "Und dat ick mein"—no doubt his ghost if it be sitting beside us amongst the barrows sees little enough of change in his valley of the beloved Lein.

And yet from the corners of our eyes we can perceive the difference that there is. Just round the corner of the hill there comes a shower of apple blossoms. They seem to be arranged, in this absurd country where everything is decorative—they seem to be arranged like a Japanese screen, to hide what the difference really is. Yet this screen the eye can pierce; there they are—five, seven, a dozen of them. Immensely tall, thin, black, throwing up from their summits, like defiant banners, their plumes of smoke. They are the factory chimneys; and the factory chimneys are what, along with peace, Prussia has given to these Hanoverian lands. And along with them go the broad white modern suburbs that from here the trees hide. Along with them go the easy, pleasant, electric trams, the funny-looking electric trains that collect, every ten minutes or so, each of the large historic towns of this countryside. Prussia has conquered us, but undoubtedly Prussia has given us plenty along with peace. We are probably much more poetic than any Prussian. All our poetry is said to come from south of Frankfurt-on-the-Main, and we cannot imagine any Prussian lying, conquered, amongst barrows, and moralising about the barking of a dog that resembles a rat. We are probably even more valiant in a swift way than the Prussians. It was not Prussia who produced the Black Brunswickers. We could probably get up and



beat any blessed nation at any blessed moment. But it would be just like Langensalza. At Langensalza in 1866 King George V. and last of Hanover beat the Prussians quite handsomely; but he woke up to find that every spot in Hanover was in the possession of Prussians—every spot with the exception of the field of Langensalza. And that is just like us. On a hill that we can see from here our ancestors—the common ancestors of us English, Westphalians, Hanoverians, having hopelessly defeated a Cæsar in the forests a little to the south—on that hill where there is an excellent tea garden, our ancestors buried a complete solid silver table service for four Roman noblemen. Yet the Romans were about the only people who never conquered us after we had splendidly defeated them, and we may suppose that that table service which our ancestors buried was about the only booty that we ever made by our heroism and kept for a reasonable space of time. We did keep it for some eighteen hundred years, and no doubt we should keep it to-day—buried in a hill. But in 1868 some Prussians, coming grubbing about, putting up a waterworks or something useful and modern, found that table service. It is now naturally in Berlin.

And that is perhaps the moral of the whole story for us Saxons and Anglo-Saxons. It is like the moral of the rat-dog that keeps up its barking perpetually through these sentences. For some of us are poets, and some of us in the great stretches of moor and heather that at the due seasons turn all this countryside wine-purple into eternal distances—some of us, nay, many of us, have the second sight. Now and then we can produce heroes by the nineteen hundred, or heroes in little boatfuls that go out to attack Armadas. But in between we seem to have our periods of slackness. We have them inevitably. The other day an excellent, energetic, and quite English lady said to us somewhere in Kensington: "I wish to Heaven the Prussians would conquer this country and administer it. Then there would be an end of our disgusting slackness." This seemed to us at the moment an astonishing opinion. But lying here lazily among the barrows we realise suddenly that it is comprehensible enough. If the Prussians had England. . . .

If the Prussians had England . . . you know, lying here it almost seems inevitable. Not to-day, not to-morrow, not in ten years, not in twenty, not in any time into which there will survive any of the passions or bitternesses of to-day, but in some time when the English won't care and the Prussians will. That is the real secret of it all. There always comes a time when we don't care; there never was and there never will be a time when these formidable products of the mark of Brandenburg were not and will not be sleeplessly upon the watch. It is like the case of the prisoner that somebody once put, we don't remember where. The prisoner, given life, must always in the end escape, for the gaoler must always in the end grow tired of the game and relax his vigilance. He may wake to earnestness once more, but then it will be too late, and lying there—the dog is still barking—we suddenly begin to think of those green, fertile, and immensely wealthy islands in the Western sea. And just for a moment we think of what is called home politics, and then, with a quick shudder we drop the thought. For we are not politicians of any politics that to-day can show beneath the light of the sun. We are what is called high Tories . . . but immensely, immensely high. We are the people who will win terrific victories against enormous odds—in the game of tennis, or in the other game of tennis that used to be played with stone balls. But in the end, some Prussian, some Jew, or some Radical politician will sleeplessly get the best of us and take away the prizes of our game. That is the way God arranges it; Who arranged alike the barrows, the beloved little river of the Lein; Who set courage in the hearts of the nineteen hundred in black garments that went "from Bohemia to the river Weser"; Who set it in the hearts of the Prussians that it is for them to administer; and to administer and again to administer—for the love of the thing just as for the love of words

we utter them. And, with the shadow of the thought of "home politics" still upon us we say once more, "It is the will of God". Rat-dog-rabbit; English-Westphalian-Hessian; one of three will rule us in the end, Prussian, Jew, or hungry tradesman. And for ourselves we say as we get up and go down the hill: "Please God that it will be the Prussian". He at least will administer; will enrich us and will leave us somewhere some barrows in the sun amongst which to lie. Possibly He will even put up an Aussichtsturm and a tea garden. At any rate he alone of those three sleepless ones will not strip us naked to the breezes. We go down the hill by a sunken road. On the hot turf just above our faces the absurd dog stands with its legs firmly planted and barks at us. Pushing through the hawthorn hedge of the first house in the village there comes another dog. But it is a puppy; it is smaller than a rat; it resembles a brown cloth child's toy. It is the child of the rat-dog-rabbit and it is more absurd than any creature reported by Sir John Mandeville or by Gulliver. It plants its four legs in the warm turf and it barks and it barks. We stand and look at it and it continues to bark. It does not move; nothing will move it. It is administering. That breed will not die out, you see.

P.S.—There are some people who desire accuracies though one write never so "impressionistically". To save our Editor from correspondence we should like to point out that the city to which we have referred is not Hanover; is not Brunswick; is not Osnabrück; is not Celle; is not any actual city, but contains what we like to remember as an impression of all these. Similarly it is not even Hamelin of the rats. Similarly we really know that this stretch of country was never pedagogically English territory. It was country united under the sovereignty of the wearer of the English crown by what was called the personal union. But that would have been good enough for Prussia. In the year 1837 this country passed from under the sway of the Ruler of Great Britain owing to a trifle called the Salic law. Speaking in accurate English the Salic law was not a trifle. But it has not bothered the Prussian gullet much. Some time ago I was standing in the yard of a brewery in Ashford, which is in Kent. An immense drayman was about to drink down a pot of ale. He was called into the office and he set his pot on the tail of his cart. Some evil practical jokers who were standing by dropped a dead mouse into the pot. Out comes the drayman; lifts the pot to his mouth, drinks down at one draught the ale and the mouse, and then, having wiped his mouth upon his sleeve, he remarked, "A hop or a cork"! to the wonder and admiration of all beholders. Perhaps the Editor will permit correspondents to explain what is meant by this anecdote.

#### LETTERS FROM WILDER SPAIN.

BY WILLOUGHBY VERNER.

##### A MYSTERIOUS CAVE—III.

BEFORE giving in detail the nature and character of the unknown script that confronted us on every side, it may be as well to describe the general nature of the cavern we now found ourselves within. Here I readily admit that words fail me, and I feel sure that everybody who has penetrated into similar limestone caverns will agree with me when I say that no words can adequately set forth the extraordinary and complex nature of the formations to be seen on every side. For although all such caverns present much the same general features, no two are alike. Suffice it to say that the cave we were in, as well as several others we visited subsequently, had high vaulted roofs encrusted with stalactites, with walls fluted with similar formations or half-screened by great detached columns where stalactite and stalagmite had joined. The floors were usually of hard, clean stalagmite, in the lower portions of which were clear pools of water, whilst all around each chamber were big buttresses, pulpit rocks, and shelves festooned with quaintly shaped stalactites. Some of the

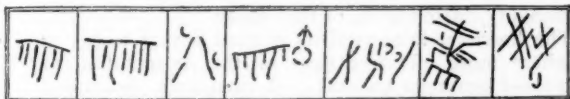


great ribbed or fluted masses of carbonate of lime, formed by water trickling down the walls for untold ages, when struck gave out a most melodious sound, as of a deep bell.

We now set about examining the mysterious script, and saw at once that there were two classes of workmanship, the first consisted of faint cuts or scratches on the surface of the rock, such as might be produced by the point of a flint arrow or spear-head; the second were regular marks drawn in black, whilst now and again it seemed as if both processes had been employed, and that the cuts or scratches had been subsequently drawn over in black.

At the first glance I imagined the latter at least must be the work of some visitor to the cave, who had blackened in the old marks in order to photograph them. But here our local goat-herd was most emphatic, and declared that the markings were exactly as he saw them when the cave was first visited eight years previously. I copied carefully a number of these most extraordinary markings or "letras", which simply defy description. Some who have examined my sketches say that they bear some resemblance to Chaldean script, but on this point I offer no opinion. The vast majority of these "letras" consisted of curious symbols of vertical lines three to six inches in length, with a line "crossing the T" above them. The Greek letter  $\pi$  very roughly resembles it. But these symbols, in place of having two uprights, as has  $\pi$ , had them in threes, fives, sevens, and sometimes nines, the majority being in sevens and reminiscent of the marks on a tally crossed out.

It took me some time to disabuse myself of the belief that these marks must have been made in comparatively recent times, but as we continued our explorations and came upon scores and scores of them, often in the most unlikely and unexpected places, such as in remote corners behind stalagmites or in small caves and corners most difficult of access, I realised that we had before us some very ancient and mysterious method of notation. As I passed from one series to another, the idea suggested itself: were these not some pre-historic attempts to keep a record of time? The idea may be far-fetched and utterly wrong, but will anybody suggest another?



The seven examples of the mysterious script given were copied on the spot in my notebook, and are here shown on a scale of about one-fifteenth of their true size. The first two (on the left) are the common type seen in many places and are subject to every possible variation. The next three are shown in my pocket-book as being continuous in one line, and to the best of my recollection were so. The sixth was by itself and was the only one I noticed of the sort. The seventh and last (on the right) was also by itself, but I found it repeated with more or less similarity at several other places. The smaller drawings varied from three to four inches in height; the larger were about double that size.

I noticed that the bulk of these marks were on walls above parts of the floor which were of clean and smooth stalagmite, and they were especially abundant around the big caverns in the small natural alcoves which were so suggestive of sleeping-berths. Many inscriptions were between two and three feet above the floor, such as a man reclining on the ground could draw. Others were as high as a man standing up could draw with comfort, say, three feet to six feet above the ground. A very notable one was on a smooth slab of vertical rock, and consisted of six rows of these  $\pi$ -like symbols one above another. We were, as I have explained, miserably equipped for scientific exploration, but I urged on my party the importance of seeking for any remains or relics of the occupants of the cave, and we proceeded to search the lower portions or "pockets" of the cavern floors. Here we had the great good fortune to

come across a few bones, fragmentary, some lying loose on the surface, others half-embedded in the stalagmite floor. Some of these I reckoned to be human bones and others those of a goat. These we gathered, as well as fragments of black and red pottery thin in substance and altogether different from the Moorish and Roman pottery which is so often found in the Andalusian sierras.

Our candle-ends were burning low when we commenced our return journey, during which we had the intensely disagreeable experience of missing our way. Our local goat-herd was visibly perturbed, and I do not think that any of us relished the idea of being lost in these labyrinthine depths bereft of candles and matches. I confess I was personally very much relieved when we at last identified some marks we had passed on our downward journey, and shortly afterwards saw a faint glimmer of daylight far away above us. I should here mention that nowhere did we see any trace whatever of artificial light having been used, such, for example, as blackened roofs in the smaller caverns.

Thus ended my first expedition to this mysterious cave. The points which puzzle me and which I feel sure will puzzle many who read this account are:—

(1) How could the cave men who lived in these great depths, far beyond any possible ray of daylight, so see as to be able to keep these neat registers, or at any rate draw these symbols with such uniform precision?

(2) What do these marks mean?

I sent the bones to the Royal College of Surgeons, and subsequently received the following report from Dr. Arthur Keith, the Curator of the Museum there:—

"The fragments of human bones are very remarkable. The upper end of the right femur is quite unlike any human (modern) bone, but it certainly is human and probably of a very early race of Paleolithic man. The tibia, too, is primitive in type: both bones, thigh and leg, are of a small, almost pygmy-sized person, certainly under 5 feet, probably about 4 feet 8 inches in height. The arm bones are slender.

"There were also mammalian bones. Most of them belong to an ibex-like animal, but not of a modern species. Both Dr. Andrews, of the British Museum, and I have failed to find any record of a similar form.

"All the bones require further investigation, but there can be scarcely a doubt that the remains are of considerable antiquity, probably to be assigned to a fairly early point in the Quaternary Period."

From the British Museum of Natural History I received the following letter from Dr. Smith Woodward, the Keeper of Geology:—

"Dr. Keith, of the Royal College of Surgeons, has submitted to us some mammalian bones (associated with human remains which he is studying) found by you. . . . We should be glad to keep them, and especially glad to receive more and better specimens. We are much interested in the remains of a goat-like animal among the specimens, and would gladly learn more about it."

I was naturally gratified to learn that my rough diagnosis of the former owners of the bones had been so near the mark.

I received these letters just as I was about to return to England for the summer, and although I at once endeavoured to organise an expedition for the further exploration of the cave, I found it impossible to revisit it before my departure, and I was most reluctantly compelled to defer any more investigations until my return to Southern Spain in the following autumn.

After my return to England, I received from Dr. Keith a more detailed report on all the bones I had sent him. He wrote saying that the portions of the femur and tibia, as well as those of the humerus, were "apparently parts of the same individual, probably a woman of pygmy stature, 4 feet 2 inches to 4 feet 6 inches in height". The other fragments belonged to a larger individual. Dr. Keith proceeded:—

"The bones give a metallic ring when struck—truly mineralised or fossilised. The thigh-bone is, in my judgment, the most simian or ape-like human thigh-bone yet discovered. But further finds are needed to confirm the above, which in the meantime must be regarded as

justifiably suspicious. In some ways, these human remains recall the characters of the Andamanese, in others they show distinct affinities to the gorilla."

### THE MIRROR UP TO NATURE.

By JOHN PALMER.

SHAKESPEARE'S gift for striking suddenly into apothegm to point a speech or a situation has made him responsible for more wisdom while you wait than ever he intended to deliver. The Elizabethans liked it, and Shakespeare always managed to give his audience what it liked: it was his chief business. Incidentally he wrote great drama; but that was an accident. He happened to be a genius; so that, outwardly conforming to the time and accepting every convention of his day, he could write also for an age which knew nothing of euphuism and had forgotten Webster and Ford. Shakespeare the opportunist, cheerfully wearing the shackles of his time, is a subject which leads one far, once it is started in earnest; but there are unfortunately extremely urgent and unimportant things happening in the theatres at this time of year, so it is possible merely to remember that Shakespeare played up to his time in apothegm in the same way as he played up to his time in the plots, construction, style and matter of his plays. In apothegm, however, he played up, not alone to the Britain of his time, but to Britain so long as Britain endures. Often Shakespeare saved himself by putting his sagest apothegms into the mouth of a fool. Yet, such is our love for the compact pedestrian wisdom of the bore, that Polonius' advice to Laertes is better loved and known by most Englishmen than many of Shakespeare's most magical passages. For ten Englishmen that know "neither a borrower nor a lender be" not one has in his memory the matchless lines:

"To be imprison'd in the viewless winds,  
And blown with restless violence round about  
The pendant world."

The gift of apothegm came easily to Shakespeare, and often in the course of a descriptive or argumentative passage he will throw out a pointed saying summing up the whole in an epigram which may be detached from the context and put into a book of commonplaces, rounded and complete, without change of a syllable. Reading such a book, and knowing nothing of the plays, one would conceive Shakespeare as a sapient and prosy burgomaster; with a distinct gift for turning a phrase, but without a spark of genius in his wise old head. Torn from their context where they may have had some intimate and particular meaning, or where, perhaps, they passed unnoticed, or were merely expressions of character, they stand forth in ranks, bald and unashamed, evidence of Shakespeare's careless acquiescence in a mannerism of his time and race. Shakespeare's cleverness has not had justice from those who admire his genius: Shakespeare was far cleverer than Mr. Shaw. The mere brilliant cleverness with which he is able to hit off the most humdrum reflections in a metaphor, or a phrase of two words or three which stick in the brain and tickle our sense of perfection, often disturbs our sense of his greatness. Thus, "the mirror up to nature"—a metaphor hit off with careless skill in the heat of some very sensible remarks on contemporary acting—taken from its context, learned by rote, repeated as a shibboleth for three hundred years, could be and has been turned to a meaning which Shakespeare never intended. It has been taken to imply that Shakespeare would have loved a cinematograph and thrown in his lot with a modern school of playwrights which thinks it the end of art to remove the fourth wall from a room and to show us the inmates eating, swearing, loving, laughing, and weeping just as if no one were there to see what they were doing. This "mirror up to nature" is but one example of the peril of a striking phrase and the nonsense it will cover. No one can mistake Shakespeare's meaning in the play.

Detached from the play it has often been used in support of a theory and a practice in direct conflict with Shakespeare's own. Holding up the mirror to nature, in the literal sense of the figure, was something of which Shakespeare never dreamed.

This holding up the mirror is the curse both of modern playwriting and modern acting. What it can do to ruin the beauty of Shakespeare's own work as presented by the modern player may be woefully realised in any theatre where Shakespeare is toward. Visit the New Theatre to-night, and see the modern Juliet screeching as in actual pain, weeping real tears, and heaving at the lungs with emotion. All Juliet's woe is in the words the poet gives her: the player needs but be susceptible to the beauty of these words herself in order to touch the imagination directly of her hearers. In acting Shakespeare all should yield to the perfect delivery of his lines. On the modern stage it is generally the one thing carefully omitted. In place of the lyric love, half-angel and half-bird, we have in the modern Juliet a young woman screaming on the carpet, using every device within the means of her talent and all the force of her animal spirits to shrivel the beauty of the poet's conception. When her talent is considerable, as in the case of Miss Neilson-Terry at the New Theatre, the result fills even the spectator who most must grieve with reluctant admiration. Certainly the crowd is satisfied. Why there were real tears in her eyes, they say—the last word in appreciation.

Modern acting is seldom aimed at the spectator's imagination. If woe must be depicted, a player does not dream of beautifully indicating his grief. There are occasions in every play when one prepares to feel a dreadful shrinking of the spirits. One looks uneasily at the door, calculating the distance, and wondering whether an escape is possible in the time. The heroine's crisis is due, and one knows from dreadful experience that it will be ugly, and that it will rack the nerves. It is possible to feel safe with very few players to-day. The dramatic moment is waited for with dread; for it will not be beautiful. Holding up the mirror, our player will shout, scream, sob, or burst into hysterical laughter. The voice will grow harsh. There will be no reserve or economy of power. Emotion is not subdued by art, taking form and distinction from the personality, inspiring it, of the player.

The horrible, false realism of most acting to-day is nowhere more offensive than in the presentation of scenes of amorous passion. I need only indicate a scene in "The Marionettes" in which Sir John Hare re-appeared last Saturday to the delight of all who care for the restrained acting of a very different school. In more than one passage of this worthless play writer and player combine to make one feel an active prickling shame to be there at all. This feeling has nothing to do with outraged morality or with anything inherently wrong or false to humanity. It is simply the sensation of one who hears or sees something by inadvertence. My own sensations were what I should suspect of a detected eavesdropper, or of one who inadvertently enters a bedroom. These actual physical displays of amorous passion on the stage are too common to need a description from me of this or any particular example. One wonders how the players themselves are able to go through with them. How is a heroine trained to endure these ferocious demonstrations upon her person of the modern lover's regard for her perfections? Wonderful is the effect of discipline. She not only endures; she can even bring herself to respond and play up to him with equal rapture.

Sir John Hare has supremely the transmuting powers of the artist. In this play of "The Marionettes" he turned his poorly written part to beauty and distinction with every tone and gesture. It was possible to compare his own interpretation of that unlucky phrase of Hamlet with that of his younger comrades. The crude realism of the other players (not excluding Miss Marie Löhr) was thrown into violent relief and shown for what it was—mere thoughtless imitation. The fourth wall was down; and we were merely eavesdroppers, spying upon emotional displays in all the ugliness of



"nature", raw and unredeemed. One had distinctly the sense of looking unlawfully through a keyhole—an uncomfortable feeling that the people on the stage were unaware that we were there to watch their intimate passions. When this feeling intrudes it is at once clear that here is no art at all. If sobbing with real tears be the end of a player's artistic achievement, we can as lovers of art have no further use for him. We can get better sobbing any day of the week in a magistrate's court. It is true that it would be difficult in real life to see much of what takes place upon the stage in "The Marionettes". It is not usual to make violent love in public, or without taking reasonable precautions to be secure against a possible audience. But who would wish to be present? Peeping Tom would wish it. Peeping Tom would feel entirely happy and comfortable at a modern play.

### THE THREE ROADS.

By FILSON YOUNG.

#### III.

THE coast of France, in spite of its extent, never suggests a maritime nation; one must go inland to discover the true French world of water. And of the three roads in France this road of waters is the most characteristic and the best, the dustless, noiseless road that has no hills, but only innumerable curves and level changes—the road moreover that moves of itself. One says loosely of other roads that they "go" from this place to that; but it is not true. The patch of road outside your door remains there from year to year, whereas if you live by a river, although you never move a step, hundreds of miles of road will go past your eyes in the year. You may go yourself on the stone or iron road from Châlon to Mâcon; but the road of water, the Saône, the silver highroad of Burgundy, goes there of itself.

This piece of country of which I write is full of such moving highways, being traversed by the Seine, the Loing, and the Yonne; they are all canalised, their beauty as rivers unimpaired and their utility as canals ensured by locks and weirs. They give the landscape a very friendly appearance, peculiarly French in its combination of deep and pale green, and rich in lines of willow and of poplar that advertise the watery road; while the shouts of the barges and the great echoing, explosive cracks of whips that resound all over the country redeem it from that sombre gravity that seems always to brood over great tracts of agricultural land. One regards with an ancient reverence this life of rivers and canals, so prodigiously slow, and yet always in motion; so fertile in surprises that, when walking across a country that seems deserted, one may suddenly come upon a road of water and a whole town of families and moving houses tucked in a fold of the ground. I suppose there is no occupation into which the sense of time enters so slightly as it does into the occupation of the bargee. These great and noble barges of the French canals seem, when they are at rest, like rocks or islands, immovable in the water, their steep black sides rising to support polished and decorated beams and superstructures of glass and rare woods; a little garden of flowers before the windows and a cage of canaries on the roof of the parlour, and children sprawling everywhere over a deck that seems limitless in extent. The getting under way of such a structure is a matter of hours, and when the straining horses or mules have at last tightened the wire rope that reaches to the mast-head, it is almost impossible to say at what moment the great ark begins to move through the water. But start it does, with infinite expenditure of labour and shouts and whip-cracking; and once started you would think it would never stop; but if you go away and come back the next day you may find it tied up a quarter of a mile down the stream, waiting its turn at the lock. It is the most self-contained life in the world, that of these barge families, and always tempts one by its union of movement with repose. Independence of the external

world is its chief charm; for the very horses that draw the barge through the heat of the day climb on board at night and feed and rest in the stable which they have transported, being thus in a way cannibals of their own strength. It is pleasant to look upon, I say; but I doubt very much if such a life would be really tolerable. The slowness which is so poetic to contemplate would, unless one were trained to it, surely become exasperating at times. If all the things that were said about such a life were true one would expect to find the canal bargeman and his family persons of a singular spirituality, rising on a wave of serener life than ours, and living in a world of dream and phantasy. The most superficial observation of these people must disappoint this expectation; they are indeed notorious for violence and profanity. It is sad, but there is a tonic truth in it too, for scenery never made a poet yet, and nature is as near to the brute as to the spirit. The bargeman is but a simpler and more natural person than the rest; he lives and moves and has his being in the most elementary of all human vehicles, the Noah's ark, with his family and his beasts around him; and we have no reason to suppose that Noah was a person of any singular refinement.

The gayest spots on the road of water in France are to be found at the confluence of two rivers, where the interchange of traffic, the meeting and passing of so many barges, and the accumulation of merchandise and the plying of the ship-building craft, combine to make an agreeable maritime commotion. Such rivalries in the matter of Cafés du Commerce and Hôtels du Confluent, such vending of wine by the bottle and the barrel, and of bread by the foot and the yard; such orgies of clothes-washing by the assembled women of the town in the long, floating washhouses where, each in her own compartment, furnished with its bottles of liquid soap and its piles of linen, the women can work and gossip at the same time, dipping the soapy garments into the clear river, which is clouded but for a moment, and making such a slapping and battering of wet stuffs with pieces of wood that it resounds over all the countryside.

I know no people who work at once so hard and so cheerfully as the peasant women of France; those of them that are not at work in the fields are eternally occupied in either of the two great primitive feminine tasks—washing and cooking. The cooking is a desultory affair, taken as an accompaniment to other things; but the washing is done in community, and, especially where there are a great number of bargewomen together, it becomes a kind of festival. This washing of dirty linen in public seems to be an essentially French habit; and there is surely much to be said for it. It can only be characteristic of a country where there is much flowing water, and where the climate makes out-of-door work tolerable and pleasant; and the sight of a woman wheeling her barrow-load of household stuffs to the river-side and wheeling it back pure and clean, is surely a pleasanter thing than the solitary, steamy rites that one imagines are taking place in the private washhouses of England, where in darkness and malodorous vapour women clatter about a stone floor that swims in soapy water. The river is none the fouler, to our senses at any rate, for all the dirt that it washes away; and the linen is so much the whiter and sweeter for being washed in the river water and the sunshine. Much of our washing is only partly a sanitary matter; it is a ceremonial also, and has as strong a moral as a physical effect. How much better morally than the solitary stooping over the dark tub must be this washing in the running river, in the company of neighbours, with the sights and sounds of the river for refreshment and the talk of the village for entertainment.

There is no river or canal in France but is furnished with its line of anglers, for the most part as still and silent and incurious as the church spires. The fabled patience of all fishermen is in France carried to a kind of ecstasy of contentment. They fish more and catch less than any other race. To stand all day in one spot over the still waters of a canal for the sake of three fishes the size of a whitebait is to have reduced almost to a minimum the ratio of reward to labour. But of



course it is not the fishes, it is the fishing that is its own reward. No river fisherman ever fished for fishes only, he fishes for peace, for solitude, or for recreation of mind; and though his basket be empty of fishes at the end of the day, it may nevertheless be full of other booty. The French fisherman apparently can achieve his Nirvana anywhere; you see him in Paris occupying his scanty midday leisure fishing in the Seine, with the world visibly and audibly around him; and he takes his pleasure, not only in the thicket of willows or by the lock on the lonely hillside, but also in the midst of a roaring traffic of motors and trams, and under the very wheels of carts and omnibuses.

Of the French rivers that are known to me the Rhone seems to be the most noble and the Loing the most lovable. I know no river that conveys the impression of rolling so exactly as the Rhone below Valence. The Garonne has its moments of greatness, as when it first smells the sea near Beautiran; but the Rhone, which is too wild and turbulent to be very much tamed to commerce, has a majesty and awfulness entirely its own. The Seine is a very bourgeois river, and, in spite of its importance from Rouen to Le Havre, we should not mention it in the same breath with the others if it had not the good fortune to bear Paris on its banks. Of the rivers of mere beauty, the Loire has its devotees, I know, and the arches and battlements of old castles reflected in its brimming expanses have their own place in the memory. But the little Loing, that never grows old and never dies the death of great rivers in the sea, that is the stream I love best. From Nemours to Moret its happy youth is spent wandering among willows and rushes, and prattling over clear shallows that lie enclosed in a world of meadows. It has no premonition of its end; at one moment it is in the full tide of its happy youth, and a few hundred yards lower, turning a sudden corner, it is lost in the Seine. It knows no broadening maturity soiled by drains and threshed by the propellers and paddles of commercial craft; it comes to an end suddenly, in innocence, a few sleepy canal boats being all the burden that it has known. It is a little river, and has a little life and a little death; it is borne unconscious to the sea, the destiny of all waters; but there, although one would not speak of them while living in the same breath, it meets even with its great neighbour the Rhone, on equal terms.

#### LOST HEROES AND TRIUMPHANT CAUSES.

By JOHN F. RUNCIMAN.

IT is the commonest thing in the world for a young man by lucky or unlucky chance to come across some new kind of music (or painting, or drama, or literature) and to understand and to love it while it is as yet unpopular, or misunderstood, or, most probably, not known at all; it is almost as common that he henceforth regards himself as a very dare-devil, an innovator, at once an iconoclast and an apostle, smashing ancient idols with vigorous left-handers whilst with the right hand he scatters leaflets in which a new art-gospel is preached. Hence we get that most depressing of spectacles, the champion of a cause that has long triumphed—so completely triumphed that we have forgotten that ever people quarrelled about the matter. The white-haired veteran fighter for a lost cause is always a pathetic and often a heroic figure: friends and foes have alike deserted him: he has no one to fight for and no one to fight against; in a word, no one takes any notice of him. But he is true to the ideal of an earlier day and stands sublimely alone, the strangest Don Quixote the centuries have brought forth. The champion of a triumphant cause is merely ludicrous and ignominious. The dotard perseveres in smiting at imaginary foes and annoying everyone within earshot with wheezy battle-cries, oblivious that his friends have carried the enemy's position and swept miles ahead. During the last South African war some Boers were found tilling their farms under the comfortable impression that the contest had terminated in their favour;

and the newspapers commented on the immense size of a country in which this could occur. The moralisings would be very edifying if the same farmers were now found in arms, out-spanning, in-trekking, and the rest of it, ignorant that the peace was a matter of history. For anything like that we must look to music and to Bayreuth.

It will soon be forty years since Wagner opened his opera-house on the hill at Bayreuth. Since 1880 his works have deluged the other opera-houses of Germany; it is long since they reached so far as London. Not for years have I visited the Bavarian city of infamies, artistic and other; but friends who were recently there tell me that the business—I use the word advisedly—of propaganda proceeds as briskly as ever. Councils of war are still held; cunning stratagems are planned for the discomfiture of the enemy and the severest measures are hourly taken against him. It might all be inspiring and call for admiration: only, there is no enemy. If popularity means victory, then victory rests with the Wagner warriors. We may doubt whether more people really understand Wagner's purpose and achievement than did thirty years ago; but certainly more people go to see his operas than go to see any others. Yet a forlorn figure, representing Bayreuth in England, Mr. W. Ashton Ellis, toils on laboriously, translating Wagner's most trivial writings for our benefit, and writing at such length himself about Wagner and Wagner's writings that we are growing sick of the very name of Wagner. Bayreuth we can all understand: its pretty game is to keep the world in mind that Bayreuth is the only place where Wagner's works are properly performed. Bayreuth's preaching is, as I have said, business. But Mr. Ellis cuts a sorry figure: one wonders whether he is still convinced that no more daring, advanced fellow exists. If so, there is nothing to be said; for never will the last champion of a victorious cause cease to imagine himself in the vanguard; and if we scoff at him for belated displays of energy and courage he consoles himself with the thought that he is misunderstood. Being a lap behind, in Carlyle's phrase, he thinks himself many laps in front.

A fine crop of copies—but less pertinacious—of Mr. Ellis may be expected to spring up here within the next few weeks; for what is done as a matter of course every season in even the smaller German towns, is to be done as a mighty art "deed" at Covent Garden. "The Ring" "in its entirety" (oh, wonderful!) will shortly be given, and we shall have dozens of young men and women loudly proclaiming their belief in Wagner, in spite of all that can be alleged about his moral character, his disregard for the laws of harmony, his regrettable lack of form; and they will picture themselves as blood-thirsty rebels, almost as terrible to humanity at large as a naughty boy who breaks the Sabbath. There have always been plenty of these rebels. A few years back a gentleman sought an interview with me; and he stated that while admitting the faults in Wagner's harmony etc. etc. he yet thought some reforms had been needed in the old-fashioned opera and for these we should be grateful. Nervously he stammered, as though fearing that the daring shown in these views would provoke my wrath; but as I remained calmly acquiescent he went away believing he had made a convert. He was a recruit who had joined after the disbanding of the fighting forces. They will be a great nuisance this winter and we shall have to compass the destruction of their nests, as was done in the case of the recent wasp plague in Essex.

But how may we expect the poor untaught amateur to realise the position when nearly every page written by our composers shows that they are in the same position, that they believe they prove themselves terribly, furiously advanced chaps by writing half-a-dozen unresolved discords. There is nothing new in that, though they fancy so. The older composers did not care to step out of one key into another a hundred miles off: they had stepping-stones in the shape of intermediate chords and they frequently resolved their discords to give the ear a rest: there were no big jumps. But

in the hundred-and-fifty years that have passed since the death of Bach our ears have got thoroughly trained : jumps that would have made Mozart jump are perfectly easy to us : we can do without the intermediate steps. These steps, indeed, unless they form an integral part of the music make merely a tedious roundabout way where the composer should have gone straight on with what he had to say. Yet in the novelties which are much talked of from time to time we find the sole merit to be a greater or lesser number of these jumps ; and the fact that the composers think this merit enough shows them to belong to the forlorn scattered apostles who do not know Wagner died nearly thirty years ago. Essentially Mr. H. Balfour Gardiner's orchestral piece " Shepherd Fennel's Dance " (played at the Proms. a few weeks ago) is no newer than the dullest stuff Sir Alexander Mackenzie, say, was writing thirty years ago. The fashion has changed a little and that is all. Mr. Gardiner now and again traverses without stepping-stones through a few keys we used to call unrelated (as though to the educated ear, not stuffed with textbook rubbish, any pair of keys could be unrelated), but to think this is new is simply to confess oneself belated : the real advanced army—a very small one it is—has gone ahead many a long league in search of the really new—the new thought and feeling that find their natural expression in new melodic forms. Sir Alexander could skip about from the key of G flat major to that of F double-sharp minor as well as any man ; but it was not the fashion. The criticism on Mr. Gardiner applies to much of Elgar : he trusts to harmonic surprises instead of to melodic expressiveness with harmony as an adjunct and modifying influence. It applies to a pavane by Maurice Ravel, played at the Proms. some weeks ago and repeated on Wednesday. Here we see a free, generous, prodigal, not to say profligate and wasteful, use of the drop of a minor third and of the flattened seventh to attain a mournful atmosphere ; and these tricks, as old as Bach, are not endowed with new life by Debussy-cum-Strauss harmonies hammered into the score without any artistic purpose. A fantasia for piano and orchestra, by one Louis Aubert, has analogous defects. It is showy in some parts, but in others monotonous to a heart-breaking degree ; throughout the themes are without character, and the composer relies on up-to-date harmonies and instrumental effects. The thing was prettily played by Mrs. Norman O'Neill ; but it is a pity Sir Henry Wood, if he must needs inflict these productions of French students upon us, when he might find English work of much greater excellence, must needs also destroy its effectiveness by smothering the soloist under a hideous mass of orchestral noise. Some of the playing of the accompaniment to this piece was atrocious in its coarseness.

It is not surprising that mode, fashion, in music should manifest itself chiefly in the matters of harmony and orchestration. During the period beginning, say, a hundred years before Bach and extending down to the present the resources of music have widened in just these two respects. No one can ever write finer counterpoint than the early church composers wrote ; and pure, simple melody, dependent upon harmony in the minimum degree for its beauty and expressiveness, was carried to its highest point by Mozart and Beethoven. These mighty men knew well enough that the contour of a tune seems to be changed, and so far as its effect on the ear is concerned is changed, by harmony. They used their knowledge sparingly, finding it possible to say what was in them by simpler means. With later times harmony had more and more to be employed, and it is indeed now an indispensable adjunct to melody—nay, it is not straining language too far to say it is a part of melody, since any modern melody without the harmonies would cease to be that melody and with different harmonies would become a different melody. But harmony alone without the melody is as blotches of colour on a canyas without form. Wagner made enormous use of harmony, but always for the purpose of making his melody expressive. I grumble at the young men because they mistake the means for the end. If they could rid

their minds of the notion that they are frightfully emancipated and realise that music which depends for its effectiveness on surprises cannot be heard twice—nor indeed nowadays, when no surprises are possible, as we are all prepared for the worst, even once—with pleasure ; if they would find something new to say and try to say it through melody—then we should not have this continuous stream of novelties that are not novel. As for the orchestral exploits of Debussy, they do not properly concern a musical critic : they lie outside the domain of music. Instrumentation is a wonderful thing : it is colour in music ; but, so to speak, to lay the colour on your fresco before you have a fresco, before you have a building in which to place your fresco—this is to do something quite as absurd as this sentence.

## THE PAINTERS OF JAPAN.

By LAURENCE BINYON.

WHAT was it that first lured Mr. Arthur Morrison from the squalors and passions and humours of the populous East End, from the grimy Thames wharves and foreshores and the Essex marshes, of the life of which no man has written with more curious and intimate knowledge, to the painters of the Farthest East? Whatever it was, he has followed up the impulse with an insatiable persistence and a whole-hearted enthusiasm. The Japanese themselves have acknowledged the authority of his judgment and learning, and have made him an honorary member of the selectest circle of the Nihon Bijutsu Kyokwai ; a distinction he shares, I believe, with no other Western connoisseur. And here, in these two magnificent volumes, is the fruit of his studies.\*

I have sometimes been struck in reading the works of Englishmen who have made Japanese art or literature the subject of laborious study by the very imperfect sympathy they have shown, or their downright contempt for what they have given themselves such pains to learn. Mr. Morrison's sympathy goes with his knowledge, never flags behind it. It is from the Japanese point of view that he interprets and expounds. Yet I am glad to note that in one matter he has not, like a few Continental students, victims of Orientalist "snobisme", assumed a Pharisaic superiority to the charms of the colour-prints. He understands both their relatively subordinate significance and their real beauty, and knows that the Japanese indifference to them is mainly an extraneous affair that has nothing to do with art.

It was the colour-prints which first revealed to European eyes the joyous and inexhaustible invention of Japanese designers. Their first appeal is in their new, foreign harmonies, their exquisite pattern, their audacious spacing ; then, as we grow used to these, the humanity they enclose becomes more real, and we begin to choose and eliminate ; the conception becomes more to us, the pattern less, as we penetrate more into their world and the life they spring from ; and so we become dissatisfied with the enchanted garden of this delightful art, so limited by its sensuous perfection. And one day perhaps the sight of some old kakemono—a slight sketch, it may be, of rain at evening and a solitary traveller, or of wild geese flying down through the mists—brings with it a waft of air from large horizons, something that touches us with the intangible longings and inbred sorrows of all our race. We realise then that Japanese painting is something more than decoration and deftness of hand. Or we see, as at last the collection shown at Shepherd's Bush enabled us to see, some of the early and sublime images of the religious imagination of Japan, and we feel as we might do in presence of the Demeter of Cnidos if before that moment we had known the art of Greece only by the captivating terra-cottas of Tanagra. We should be foolish, however, if we did not feel the essential continuity in both these historic arts.

It is a long story that Mr. Morrison has to tell, the

\* "The Painters of Japan." By Arthur Morrison. London : Jack. 1911. £5 5s. net.



story of more than a thousand years of painting. Of the art of the early periods an immense amount has been destroyed. What remains stirs a keen regret for the beauty lost to the world. What would we not give for companions to such adorable visions as the Buddhist Angel of the eighth century, excellently reproduced in Mr. Morrison's first volume, or to the Nachi Waterfall of the ninth century, a landscape I am sometimes inclined to think the most beautiful ever painted? This latter picture is ascribed to Kanaoka, the culminating master of the first great flowering-time of the Japanese genius; a master who has left an immense fame—and no works. At least, the modern critics have robbed him of all he had. Mr. Morrison is not convinced that they are right, though he refuses to dogmatise. His own researches have enabled him to tell us a great deal more about Kanaoka than has hitherto been known in Europe. In the old uncritical days any very old Buddhist picture gravitated to this famous name; and a vague expectation of something sublime and stupendous in power was all that guided the inquirer. Mr. Morrison, however, emphasises the fact that it was not so much his Buddhist as his secular painting which impressed his contemporaries, and that he worked with a line which, for all its force, was fine and delicate. This makes the more interesting the attribution of a small portrait in the author's own collection, which, even if not accepted as the work of Kanaoka himself, certainly seems to take us back as near to him as we are likely to get.

Even from European collections one can gain some hint at least of the grandeur of style and conception which marked this early period. But nothing in Europe, nothing out of Japan save one masterpiece at Boston, represents in the least adequately the epic power of those scroll paintings which are the typical glory of the second great culminating period of the art. We must fall back on copies and on the splendid reproductions published in Japan. Yet these scrolls ought to be better known; for they are the central works of Japanese painting, embodying with incomparable energy and intensity the martial and heroic ideals of the race; all the innate qualities of blood and temper which differentiate it from the Chinese. In no art of the world has vivid and passionate action been more wonderfully seized and set before our eyes. The Tosa school, with which this kind of painting is particularly and almost exclusively associated, was quite misconceived by the earlier writers like Gonsse and Anderson. Mr. Morrison does it full justice, and devotes some pages to the revival of the school attempted by a group of able painters in the early nineteenth century, a group which has been ignored by most Western writers. The school still shows signs of animation, and perhaps the most gifted of living Japanese painters, Shimomura Kwanzan, may be destined, as our author suggests, to renovate its ancient glory.

Mr. Morrison has arranged his material according to the several schools, giving a separate history of each. By "school" in Japan is meant something different from anything we have in Europe. Raphael, Rubens, Rembrandt, each invented and matured an instrument of expression, just as did the founders of the various Japanese schools. But with the Japanese this style, this perfected instrument, did not die out with the immediate followers of its originator. It remained as an instrument for any artist to learn and master. Thus these styles or schools have had, some of them, a continuous life of several centuries. In Europe, where painting has been incessantly taking in new elements, this would be inconceivable. Yet among the Japanese schools we find a succession of masters, not a mere trailing of followers. The reason is that the style of a school in Japan was a much more definite thing, involving a code of rules and a body of congruous conventions, than the vague effort to reproduce the chosen effects of a certain master; it was much more impersonal, and therefore left its practitioners much more individual freedom.

The strong wave of Chinese influence which overcame

Japanese art in the fifteenth century and submerged for the time the national tradition embodied by the Tosas, resulted in the foundation of three great schools, known as the Chinese, the Sesshiu, and the Kano schools. Mr. Morrison's choice of method obliges him here to make a rather artificial separation between groups of painters who worked under a common inspiration, that of the philosophic ideas of the Zen sect of Buddhism, and who ought to be studied together, at least so far as the earlier phases of the three schools are concerned, though the connoisseur has to learn to distinguish between their styles. The remaining schools are of later origin; the Korin school; the Ukiyo-yé, which includes all the colour-print designers; the neo-Chinese school; the Maruyama and Shijo schools, both inspired by a single naturalistic movement; and the Ganku school. Mr. Morrison's account of all these and of their individual masters cannot be too highly praised for its thoroughness, lucidity and competence. With certain very great exceptions the more modern painters cannot vie in interest with the art of the older periods. Especially with many of the naturalistic painters, when the first charm of their dainty brush-work and pleasant colour has worn off, and with the later Kanos, when we have become more intimate with their great predecessors, it is hard not to become rather impatient. Mr. Morrison must have been tempted to treat some of these men more summarily than he has done. But having set out to give us an account of the Japanese painters from beginning to end, he does not flinch; and collectors will be grateful to him for all the facts and records he has collected so industriously and sifted with such care. Only those who have worked in this field can appreciate the heroic labour involved. The Japanese have a studied indifference to the details of chronology; and to unravel the tangle of conflicting records is a task that induces frequent despair. Mr. Morrison deals with the evidence in a spirit of scrupulous candour, having himself an exact mind and an alert intelligence for clues. His full, precise, and documented account of that great master, Matabei, the founder of Ukiyo-yé, is only the most important of several instances in which for the first time the European reader has been put in the possession of the true facts. Even the Japanese had been confused and contradictory in their accounts of Matabei till Mr. Morrison printed his biography (based on unpublished native sources) in the "Monthly Review".

The illustrations are abundant; there are over a hundred and twenty of them. The colour-plates leave a good deal to be desired, but the collotypes are mostly excellent. The majority are from the author's own fine collection. But, of course, no single collection in the world could yield a continuous series of typical masterpieces. The Japanese collections have been drawn upon, and might perhaps have been more largely used with advantage. Tanyu is admirably represented, Sesshiu and some other great names not very adequately. And if certain of the works by secondary artists of the more modern schools had been omitted, the total impression would have gained. But all the illustrations have one great advantage; they are large in scale, and the actual touch of the painter can to some degree be felt and appreciated. And in a Japanese painting, where the brush-stroke partakes of the very life-blood of the artist, how much that means!

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### ULSTER.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Sir Edward Carson's pronouncement clears the air. It is no longer a question of whether Ulster will fight, for the men of Ulster are not peers on parade. In these wordy days it is refreshing to hear the note of the bugle, and with its summons to the field of action the situation becomes transformed.

The question now is: Will Britain fight? No, sir, Britain will not fight, and Britain will be right.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,  
ANGLIAN.

#### CANADA, ULSTER, AND THE UNION.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Loughton, Cherry Hinton, Cambridge.  
25 September 1911.

SIR,—To those who view existing political affairs with a clear understanding, a most palpable instance of historical repetition is in evidence. Our Government is practically determined upon a similar policy of disunion to that which lost to us the United States. In this instance, however, historical repetition must not be allowed to take definite shape. In that Canada has remained staunch to British tradition, the real value of her loyalty should be clearly exposed. In that Ulster is determined upon a policy of positive unity, she must be encouraged and supported. Thus, the most forcible way of giving encouragement and support to the Ulster loyalists, and of showing Canada what her late victory over the Separatist party means to herself as well as to the Mother Country, is by discovering the false ground of America's own form of independence or separation from England.

Now, as far as any revolt from tyranny is concerned, America was perfectly justified, as Canada and Ulster are, in assuming an attitude of repudiation. Therein lies the constitutional limit of freedom, since separating forms of government have no free basis. America, for instance, by her very Act of Separation, imagined she was freeing herself from tyranny. So she was by a Declaration of Independence, but never by an Act of Separation, that is to say, by assuming absolute powers. By such an Act she at once became a victim to the evils of Single Chamber government, bicameral purity being discarded. For, to be plain, her bicameral system is a fictitious system and can never be otherwise. To be real, a bicameral system of rule can never be grounded upon an Act of Separation. Unlike our own methods American methods have a legislative basis of opposition, namely a Presidential or Elective basis. In our own case the legislative basis is one of absolute unity or continuity, namely a Crown or Hereditary basis.

This, then, is the constitutional form of difference between English and American rule, namely that the former possesses, or should possess, an unvarying ground of legislative procedure, whilst the latter possesses a varying ground—a two-Chamber form which is executively tyrannous (founded, as it is, upon an Act of Separation) and not executively just or economic.

Canada, therefore, has shown to this Government the right way to govern, since she has discovered what real independence or British freedom means. The latter may mean honest repudiation of tyrannous procedure, but it does not mean dismemberment on the part of a nation. All true Englishmen should honour Canada's great lead and British spirit.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,  
H. C. DANIEL.

#### THE AGITATOR.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—In default of some abler commentator, I hope you will not allow the letters signed "Sympathetic" and F. C. Constable on social matters to remain unanswered. After perusing such letters one might almost assume that there was no such thing as economics, but that wages and the welfare of our workpeople were merely the affair of politicians and sentimentalists.

Now the older economists have told us that under ordinary civilised conditions nothing in the long run can keep down the aggregate of wages on a rising market, but equally also nothing can keep up that aggregate on a falling market. The problem then is,

how to increase the demand for work? How to obtain that desideratum of all workmen—two jobs for every one man? Obviously this can only be done by stimulating production; it is not a question of sentiment at all. How can railway strikes, accompanied by such cynical repudiation of a solemn bargain by the men as witnessed recently in the North Eastern Railway case—how can these things stimulate production? They can but further frighten capital and thereby inevitably check production, and, of course, tend to drive down wages still lower.

"Sympathy" complains that at an ordinary shareholders' meeting when the amount of a dividend is being discussed the question of rates of wages to the workers is never raised by the cold-blooded shareholders. Were he in the habit of asking how much money in an ordinary big industrial company went in wages, directly or indirectly, and how much in dividends, perhaps his uneasiness might be calmed somewhat. But apart from that his theory carries with it far-reaching consequences in the converse—namely, that in an unremunerative business which paid no dividends it would be the duty of the workers to set aside part of their wages towards legitimate dividends on the capital. Fancy any delegate at a trade union congress suggesting such a principle?

Just a few words on the strictures passed by Mr. F. C. Constable on the Unionist party. The industrial ideals of that party may be summed up in one word—security—a reasonable safe-guarding of the interests of capital over any property in which it has legitimately embarked, and a sympathetic safe-guarding of the interests of our workers by putting them on an equality with their foreign competitors and stopping the scandal of a 12½ per cent. bonus, which is now paid indirectly in our home markets to the produce of foreign workers.

If vigorously pushed, I personally have no doubt as to the ultimate success of such a policy, despite the carping letters of so-called Conservatives on the subject.

Your obedient servant,  
"WATCHMAN."

#### THE LABOUR PROBLEM.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Labour is a commodity which has a market value that varies from time to time. The large amount of unemployment which exists at present goes to show that the market value of labour is low. The supply of labour in fact exceeds the demand for it; for though a good many of the unemployed are persons who are unwilling or unfit to work, there can be no doubt that others are able and willing to work if they could obtain employment at reasonable wages. All kinds of skilled labour however have a market of their own, and it is as a rule only with skilled labour that trade unions deal and strikes take place—though I have just been reading of a strike of agricultural labourers. And in considering whether a strike of skilled labourers is justified we must look into the special circumstances of the case. The general principle involved is this. The labourers in some particular case think they are entitled to higher wages than they receive. They combine and tell their employer that they will leave his service unless he raises their wages. If the employer can (taking a reasonable time for the purpose) obtain equally efficient men at the same wages that he is now paying, he tells the strikers that he can supply their places, but adds (perhaps; for it is by no means necessary to do so) that if they return at the old wages he will take them back, but if not that he will proceed at once to engage new hands. On the other hand, if he cannot procure efficient substitutes without paying higher wages he will naturally say that he prefers increasing their wages to engaging new hands at higher wages than he paid them. A pretty good test however as to whether labourers are in any particular instance sufficiently paid is afforded by the occurrence of vacancies. If the qualified applicants are more



numerous than the vacancies the wages may be regarded as sufficient; but if it is difficult to fill up the vacancies and some of the new hands are not so well qualified as is desired the inference is that wages are too low. When the men on strike are confident that they cannot be replaced by competent persons on the present terms they have no reason to resort to violence or intimidation. Their position is, "Try to get equally competent men to perform our duties on the terms to which we object. We will do nothing to prevent you. Our case is that you cannot get them, and you will find that we are right". The employees however are often on unequal terms with the employers. They have not the requisite funds for a long contest, and the employers by merely holding out can enforce submission. This perhaps affords the explanation of the manner in which the strike often takes the employer by surprise, and of the means taken to prevent other persons from being employed instead of the strikers. But there can be no excuse for carrying these methods to the extent that is sometimes done. There is no fixity of tenure between the employer and the employed. The striker leaves his employment of his own motion and has no right to claim reinstatement except as the result of a new contract made by him with the same employer. There is no obligation of any kind on the employer not to fill up the vacancy, and the man who fills it does no wrong to the previous occupant. To assault him, intimidate him and denounce him is wholly unjustifiable. Why should not a man who is seeking for employment accept a vacant post that suits him whether his predecessor resigned it or was dismissed or died? The justification of the strike rests on the assumption that qualified substitutes cannot be procured at the same wages: and to have recourse to unfair means in order to prevent such substitutes from being procured is practically an admission that the strike was not justified.

It is a mistake on the part of working men generally to suppose that trade unions are for their benefit. The object of these unions is usually to keep up wages in the particular business with which they are concerned, and one of the means frequently adopted for this purpose is to render it difficult to enter the employment in question. The men on strike strain every nerve to prevent other working men from filling the posts which they have vacated. This cannot be good for working men generally, however beneficial it may be to the strikers. Free and open competition is best for ordinary working men.

But it is sometimes said that keeping up wages in one branch of business will tend to keep them up in other branches also. I do not think so. The process I think rather resembles raising one end of a ship with the effect of lowering the other end. Raising wages by limiting competition means raising wages by increasing the number of the unemployed. A good deal is said about a man who seeks for work being entitled to get it and to receive a "living wage" for doing it. But what work is he to do? Whatever we set him to do he will interfere with the other labourers who are already employed in doing the same work; and if we pay him a living wage may not his employment result in a loss to be paid (if the State employs him) out of the public revenue? At all events until some steps are taken to provide for universal employment, restricting the competition in any particular department is bad for the labourer generally, though it may be good for the present employees in that particular department. Working men generally however are not sufficiently educated and intelligent to see this, and they fancy that trade unions are good for working men generally, when in reality they often confer benefits on some working men at the expense of others. They seek to increase the possessions of the man who hath but give no assistance to the man who hath not.

But there is no more unfair use of the strike than to adopt it in a case where the public will be seriously inconvenienced in hope that the public will bring pressure to bear on their employers and lead to concessions which on any other ground would be unreasonable. The

public should declare itself strongly against all strikes of this kind. If a strike becomes necessary the object of the strikers should be to cause the least possible inconvenience to the public. Instead of this their object often appears to be to give the public the maximum amount of trouble and annoyance. Their employers are supposed to have a regard for the public welfare which the strikers themselves have not, and therefore if the loss to the public is sufficiently great the employers who are friendly to the public will yield to the strikers who are perfectly indifferent to the public interest save as a means of attaining their own ends. The late railway strike will, I hope, convince the public of this, and it should be borne in mind that the strike organisers boast of this strike and have several times threatened to renew it on grounds of the most trivial character. The protection of the public against strikes should be the main object of the next Session of Parliament, and in the meantime I hope an Anti-Strike Society will be founded and organised.

Truly yours,  
HIBERNICUS.

#### THE SCHOOLBOY STRIKE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

25 Rue Saint Bazile, Marseilles,  
21 September 1911.

SIR.—Schoolboys to-day are among the pampered—pampered just as one pampers a favourite servant or a pet dog; pampered through easy-going good nature or by unwillingness to be severe, or because perhaps there are carping onlookers who criticise adversely and we wish to be thought popular, or maybe because we doubt a little, or the teachers are doubting, or the State and the inspectors and the authorities insist—anyhow there the pampering is, and it has gradually grown to this—that now the boys actually strike. Time was when elementary teaching was done by the hedge schoolmaster. There was no pampering in his days. He simply pulled us across his knee and told us of our fault, if fault existed, afterwards. And he taught us the alphabet, and he taught us, or rather his autocratic system taught us, to stand up for ourselves, and neither to ask quarter nor take it. We schoolboys could get up a strike even in those days. Strikes were called barrings-out, and they usually came off on expected days, such as Royal Oak Day or Guy Fawkes' Day, instigated by agitators who a year or two ago had been schoolboys themselves. How those old traditions clung on! It would be perhaps twenty-five years after the above retrospect dated that the writer, now become a certificated headmaster, had the efficacy of a peremptory strike forced upon his notice because he happened to have forgotten that the day was that of Guido Fawkes, and he had omitted to ask his School Board to sanction a holiday. Oh, he didn't have to try the schoolhouse door at a quarter to nine that morning to learn to his amazement that a strike was on. No; grinning faces from the smithy and at the cottage windows as he passed gave a note that soon sounded the key. Of course he had to get into that barred-up schoolhouse where shouts and yells and dragging about of desks told that the barring-out was in real earnest. And of course he borrowed the heaviest crowbar from the smith, and he laid open the porch door with a mighty wrench, and he stepped in white with anger, and the next instant the abject terror shown by many of the less daring boys of course touched his heart and his memory; and then and there began again the pampering. Yes, human nature!

But about this present-day pampering. Is it good, is it wholesome, is it necessary? In the old Board School days from 1870 onward, the discipline and the method of giving home-lessons and the hard work and few holidays made a holiday, when one came about, very precious. Boys worked then two good hours at home every evening, and girls too. Their studies progressed much more rapidly, and the subjects of them were much more solidly grounded than they are in these days of morris dancing, folk-lore, song singing, play-

ground football, and suchlike ways of killing the school hours. And now the schoolboys ask for still more pampering—shorter hours, longer playtime, and no caning! Caning! Well, caning should be in the power of every teacher. It is the system of tyrant and bully which many headmasters have to adopt in the larger schools because their assistant-masters, many of them grown old and grey in the service, are forbidden to use the cane. It is, I say, this compulsion upon the headmaster to flog for the whole staff that leads boys to resent this tyranny even when the headmaster is a favourite with them in everything else.

Do without home-lessons. Go in for more pastimes. Humour the younger masters and mistresses who are fond of making a fancy show and parade. Listen to the school band conducted by our musical headmaster, and encouraged by the parson and the rest of the committee—all these may be good and useful in their way, although older teachers wag their heads; but it amounts to this in the end—one cannot serve two masters. It will be either more play and less work next year, or there will have to be a complete change of method, and an end put to the possibility of strikes.

And now take another view. Here in France the equality of manhood forbids the use of the cane. As a fact in consequence teachers never think of it. Their warning goes far, and their threat of expulsion ends every case of insubordination. Of course there have been schoolboy strikes. But those have been perhaps against an unpopular teacher or an unjust pressure of tasks, which are indeed, or rather which would be indeed, thought cruel if inflicted in England. I say inflicted. When the examination seasons come round there is little time to spare after meals, sleep, and lessons at home have been rubbed off the twenty-four hours. And the parents acquiesce as a rule, and are glad, because each parent expects his boy or girl to bring home one or more of the prizes which are awarded for results and progress after the examinations.

After half a lifetime spent in teaching in English schools, and with the last two and a half years passed in teaching English to French boys and girls, it may be permitted to an old schoolmaster like myself to be somewhat invidious. I will only say that a change of systems for a decade or so would perhaps prove beneficial to both nations. Here the boys and girls are hothouse forced for the sake of satisfying the spirit of utility which is recognised nationally as the be-all and end-all of education. In England, on the other hand, there is the spirit of culture which seems to overrule and outweigh every other consideration. Culture: what has it done? There are the free libraries, the working men's universities, the secondary school scholarships leading up to the B.A. and M.A. degrees that are supposed to imply highest culture; there are philanthropic efforts and charitable tendencies and Government grants all in the same direction—culture; and there are schoolboy strikes!

I am yours, etc.

R. B. BROOKE.

#### CRIMINAL SPELLING CLASSES.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

7 Huntly Gardens, Glasgow,  
23 September 1911.

SIR,—Will you allow me, in a few short sentences, to controvert your argument in your issue of the 16th against phonetic spelling?

1. Every written language, unless it is, like the Chinese or Egyptian hieroglyphics, a picture language, must be at bottom phonetic. The only question is whether it shall represent the language as it is spoken now or as it was spoken once, or rather whether it shall faithfully, scientifically and consistently represent the spoken language or whether it shall loosely, inconsistently and capriciously represent something like the spoken language of various periods.

2. You may not like "labor", but the "u" has

disappeared in other cases. Witness also the disappearance of the final "k". Spelling reform is no new thing.

3. You are concerned lest the derivation of words should be obscured, but, as I believe Max Müller used to argue, words change their form according to strict laws, and our capricious spelling is more likely to conceal than to reveal the real derivation. If I can understand that "I"="ich" (and if I can't then philology does not exist for me), why should the "gh" be necessary to make me understand that "light"="licht"? When I studied these things I had no difficulty in understanding that "anser" had lost an initial guttural and *ōda* an initial digamma.

4. Our spelling may sometimes both deprave pronunciation and conceal derivation—e.g. "atone".

5. I suppose you will admit that the "n" after the indefinite article and that rhyme should depend on sound and not on spelling, but our spelling causes people to talk of "an university" who would not talk of "an youth", and to make, say, "come" rhyme with "home" who would not make "slum" rhyme with "home".

6. You are concerned lest we should be unable to read Shakespeare's plays as Shakespeare wrote them, but what would we not give to be able to read them as he spoke and acted them? Given phonetic spelling, posterity would know (as far as sounds can be reproduced on paper) how poetry and oratory sounded in the mouths of their authors (or should I say "authours"?)

7. You ask whose pronunciation would be the standard of written speech. Where, as sometimes happens, two pronunciations are equally good, why should the same variation not be allowed in the written language? In point of fact permissible variations do exist in our present spelling. Where, on the other hand, pronunciation deviates from what is considered alone correct, surely the rational expectation is that phonetic spelling would raise the standard of speech rather than vice versa. Under phonetic spelling every reader would have constantly before his eyes the way educated people talked.

Lastly, I cannot dismiss as lightly as you do the practical consideration of waste of time in education. Can it be defended as a rational educational exercise to learn what is so arbitrary and capricious as our spelling? In point of fact I suppose all elementary teachers begin with words that are spelled phonetically. Probably the problem of teaching our spelling could be approached in no other way.

I am, etc.,

A. A. MITCHELL.

#### AMERICAN OPERATIC ENTERPRISE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

20 Neville Court, South Kensington,  
19 September 1911.

SIR,—I would like to offer a humble criticism of Mr. Runciman's attack upon American operatic enterprise in London. He says, "It is significant that none of these American plungers mean to plunge into anything fresh; they mean to keep to the well-trodden path, though I suppose they will presently fall to squabbling over anything by Massenet and Puccini that seems likely to prove a catch". Now the one thing which Mr. Hammerstein, I believe, is attempting to do in his Kingsway Opera House is to give the very best repertory of opera possible and incidentally introduce to the public all the newest works of the best composers. Surely the "Covent Garden fashionable crowd", if they care anything about music, which apparently is not Mr. Runciman's opinion, will support an undertaking which is not conceived so much with a view to financial advantage as to general excellence. But then after re-reading Mr. Runciman's attack, I do not think he even knows what he wants himself.

Yours very truly,

ALAN LETHBRIDGE.



## REVIEWS.

## THE DOWNFALL OF A NATION.

"The Story of Korea." By Joseph H. Longford.  
London: Fisher Unwin. 1911. 10s. 6d. net.

KOREA can boast of a history which may be traced with reasonable pretensions to accuracy for at least three thousand years; she can also boast of a civilisation that is almost coeval with that of China, having been introduced from that country by a famous Chinese statesman who made Korea his home a thousand years before the Dorian invasion of Greece, and some five hundred years before the date ascribed by tradition to the foundation of the city of Rome. Confucianism, of which the worship of ancestry and filial piety are such cardinal elements and have contributed so greatly to the stability of the Chinese Empire, has been the religion of the country from time immemorial, while the dynasty whose life was closed when the annexation by Japan took place had continued in unbroken succession for five hundred years. In art and manufacturing industry Korea was vastly the superior of Japan up to the time of the great invasion by Hideyoshi in 1592, and it was she who gave to Japan the religion, laws, art, science and social system that she had herself received from China. Although the country had been the hunting ground both of Chinese and Japanese marauders for centuries, there had been no foreign invasion since the year in which the Manchu rule was established in China, and from that date Korea wrapped herself in a mantle of isolation from all the world. Only her two immediate neighbours, China and Japan, were definitely known to her, and from both she had suffered so bitterly throughout almost the whole of her previous history that she was glad to keep them at a distance. She has had no opium scourge to demoralise her population, no missionary question, having settled that in early days, after the manner of Japan, by killing all the Christians and all the missionaries. She had a fertile soil and a climate that is in many respects superior to that of China or Japan, resources which were ample for all the needs of the people, no foreign questions with their attendant embarrassments, and no national debt. Here surely we have presented to us a combination of elements that should tend to prosperity. The conditions prevailing in Japan before the opening of that country to foreign intercourse were almost identical with those of Korea, and the fall of the one has been as rapid as the rise of the other. What, it may well be asked, is the cause of the difference in the fortunes of the two nations? The answer is written large in the pages of Professor Longford's graphic and scholarly book.

The primary cause of Korean degeneracy is to be found in the defects of the social system. Society, up to the time that Japan secured the dominant hand in the country, so recently as the year 1895—shortly losing it again for a season—was broadly divided into two classes, the nobles and the common people. The nobles were idle, unproductive drones, jealously clinging to all the ancient privileges of their rank, whom rigid custom precluded from engaging in all manner of genuine work even when starvation stared them in the face, extorting the wherewithal for their needs and pleasures from a peasantry that was always sunk in grinding poverty. The privilege of ignoring their debts was customary, they could claim forced labour from their own tenantry or loans from neighbouring tradesmen who were afraid to resist their demands, and amidst a host of other privileges the house of a member of the nobility was inviolate against the law. When offended by a commoner the noble was free to vindicate his own dignity and to measure out what punishment he liked without fear of interference from those in authority. These nobles belonged to political parties of their own clans, not choosing their party by personal predilection or sympathy, but solely by the claims of heredity. These rival parties were saturated with hereditary hatred of each other, and the whole serious

business of life of their respective members was to defend themselves against their antagonists or to cause injury to members of the opposite parties. When the leader of one party won the favour of the king and secured high office his first use of it was to provide for all his followers, and on the fall of his rival all followers of the latter shared in his misfortunes. Patriotism played no part in the political game; no such shallow pretence as the good of the country influenced a single individual, the sole object of all parties being office and the perquisites attached to it. No merit, no ability, no national service on the part of a holder of office, rare though such qualities were, ever stood in the way of a member of the opposite faction endeavouring to oust him from his seat by assassination, by false charges, or by bribery of the relatives or concubines of the king. The "ins" were as unscrupulous as the "outs", rigorously excluding their rivals from access to the king, and availing themselves of every pretext to condemn them to death or exile. It is true that in the midst of this party strife the person of the king was inviolate, and one or two instances are recorded of strong and upright rulers—one king who was a rigid teetotaler suppressed the use of intoxicating liquors, so dear to the Korean, throughout the whole of his reign—but strong rulers were rare exceptions, the kings for the most part displaying the worst vices of human frailty developed by their upbringing in a servile and corrupt court. The common people meanwhile were ground under the heel of tyranny and oppression exercised by king and noble alike. Little wonder, then, that commerce and progress of any kind were stifled and that the people produced no more than was needed for bare subsistence.

Another feature of the social system of Korea was the complete subjection of women. In childhood and girlhood the Korean woman was the absolute slave of her parents, in wifehood of her husband, in widowhood a pariah. Women had no existence in the eyes of the law, no personal rights, no name. Filial piety was taught to every child, but the mother had no share in its observance and sons early learnt that their mothers were domestic nullities. At the age of eight they were removed from the women's apartments, and mixed only with men, from whom they soon discovered that woman was a chattel and that conjugal fidelity played no part in the moral code of men-folk. Such a state of society, if it may be dignified with the name, led, as may well be supposed, to a constant state of unrest among all classes, constant revolutions and universal immorality. While Korea maintained her policy of rigid seclusion it mattered little to the outside world what happened within her borders, but when, after two abortive attempts on the part of France and the United States to open up communications with Korea, Japan stepped in in 1876 and dictated a treaty of "peace and friendship" backed by an imposing force, the national isolation of Korea was terminated for ever, conditions were materially altered, and for the following thirty years the country became the pivot of all the politics of the Far East. The strain was too much for so weak a Power dragged hither and thither by selfish factions, and the result, as all know, was its incorporation in the dominions of the Emperor of Japan. To quote from Professor Longford, "Few persons are so insensate as not to feel some sympathy in the downfall of a nation that claims to have had an historical existence from the days when Babylon was still in all its glory and splendour, or in the subjection of a people who, with all the faults of their ruling classes, are kind, hospitable, generous and good-tempered, to an alien nation that has been their relentless enemy from time immemorial and at whose hands they have on many occasions experienced all the miseries and barbarities of war". In more recent days their treatment by the Japanese has been marked by tyranny, barbarity and spoliation, the memory of which can hardly be erased by decades, it may be centuries, of good and merciful government. And yet, while all humane people must condemn the methods adopted by Japan in the subjugation of the country—many even of her own statesmen have lifted

up their voices in protest—who can blame Japan for the annexation of a country the possession of which was so vital to her own interests? Korea was bound to fall into the hands of one of two nations, and perhaps from the point of view of the native there is little to choose between them. The fall was infinitely pathetic, but we may all share in the hope and belief of Professor Longford that it will be redeemed by the future happiness and welfare of the people. We can at least be certain that under the domination of Japan the lot of the poorer classes will be far happier, that the emancipation of the women from their terrible condition of domestic slavery will be promptly effected, and that the patrician drones, freed from the bonds of the custom that enthralled them, will either have to work or to starve.

Professor Longford's summary of the rise and growth of Christianity in Korea is fascinating reading. Indeed, the same may be said of the whole book, which takes a foremost place in the long list of the works that have been written about this unhappy nation of which nothing now remains but a history.

#### A COBBLER AWAY FROM HIS LAST.

**"The History of Medicine." By David Allyn Gorton. 2 Vols. London and New York: Putnam. 1910. 25s. net.**

THIS astounding work appears in two pleasant-looking volumes of some four hundred pages each. It is well bound, well printed, and well illustrated. Its author, if we may judge him upon internal evidence, is amiable, earnest, and honest, and has done a deal of reading and a deal of thinking, with results most lamentably disproportionate to the labour involved. Our only grumble against him personally is that he has not been able to find a friend persuasive and candid enough to prevent his writing a "History of Medicine, philosophical and critical, from its origin to the twentieth century". We protest, on behalf of the dignity of the subject, and of literature in general, against a work of this sort. Unscholarly writing, undigested and misapprehended facts, solemn commonplaces, outrageous solecisms and wild hypotheses jostle one another in it, while the author intermittently rattles the bones of the dead heroes of medicine: and the heroes who enter these pages seem very, very dead. A few excerpts will suffice to justify these strictures, but he who would thoroughly appreciate the extent to which they are justifiable must read the book. There is, alas, no other incentive for reading it.

The author freely admits his debt to certain French authorities. Sometimes they are quoted in the vernacular: sometimes not obviously quoted, though the turn of an English phrase tells of its French origin and bad translation. For example, "The seat of the sub-conscious or unconscious, on the other hand, is believed to be in the lower brain, and the grand sympathetic nervous system". What, anatomically, the "lower brain" may include in this connexion we have no idea. But that by the way. The "grand sympathetic system" is not known to English anatomists. But when, presently, we find it alluded to as the "grand sympathetique system", the origin of the novel adjective becomes apparent. Again, what is to be thought of a sentence such as this: "According to the Egyptian historian Manethon [sic] they [i.e. certain Egyptian kings] antedate Adam by several siècles or ages, which renders their existence vague". The italics are not ours. What do they mean? Are we to suppose that siècles is the Egyptian for æons? Yet Manetho, though an Egyptian, wrote in Greek, and his list of the dynasties has come down to us in Greek, although his works have perished. Or does the author think so little of us that he needs to translate a common French word, and translate it, in this context, wrong? We do not know, but we have our suspicions. Again, "Hygeia [sic] was called Health or Salus, because health or *santé* depends upon the air one breathes".

Why Hygiea should have been called Health or Salus or *santé* on any such flimsy and singular pretext must be left to the reader's imagination. "Epione, the wife of Æsculapius, signified Adoucir." Poor Epione! Her foreign signification might at least have been italicised for the assistance of the ignorant reader.

For sheer inappropriateness some of the author's adjectives and phrases are hard to beat. Æsculapius is described as being of "illegitimate birth", having been "immaculately conceived and"—none the less—"sired by the God Apollo". Again, "A distinguished ancient poet asked: 'Who by searching can find out God?' Many have risen to answer that question since the Psalmist's days," etc. Has David deserved to be described as a "distinguished ancient poet"? And if he has, why bring him into this galley? For he did not ask the question: neither did any other scriptural writer, so far as we know, though the unknown author of Job asked a not altogether dissimilar one.

There is some evidence, as has been shown, that the author's intake of the French language exceeded his powers of assimilation. But he is a linguistic glutton, and has paid other penalties than those described above. Videlicet: "Descartes in his day was looked upon as a kind of supernatural genii". "Unless Homer be a fiction and the famous siege of Troy and the Trojan War, which were so graphically described by some master hand at hexagonal verse be also a fiction, then must be admitted the personality of Æsculapius as real flesh and blood." We wonder whether this sentence can be beaten, either on the score of construction or diction or argument. But, after all, it does not matter much whether Homer was altogether a fiction or whether the master of "hexagonal" verse who personated him was merely (as the old jest has it) another person of the same name. Since a "personality" can be "real flesh and blood" all things are possible, and probably true. Of Hippocrates we read: "He clearly was not a cacoëthes scribendi". But there! we have given enough to show that the author must cultivate a sense of humour if he is to get the most out of reading his own book. Or has he already got the saving grace, and is he exercising it on his audience? For listen to him: "Paracelsus was probably the greatest charlatan and mountebank that ever acquired a celebrity in the profession. Absolutely unlearned in precise knowledge, he attempted to use the language of the learned. For 'Edema' he uses the term 'Undimia'; instead of the well-known verse of Ovid, 'Tollere nodosum nescit medicina podagrum,'" etc. It is a hard fate which has led the author to play tricks with the gender and declension of podagra in this passage above all others, where the ice he is skating on is so uncommonly thin. But perhaps after all he has his tongue in his cheek.

Having now given an idea of the general culture of the work, we may turn to its more technical qualities as a history of medical progress. It is well known that doctors disagree and that the matters in which they deal permit of no little latitude as regards opinion. But even in medicine there are such things as facts, and some of the author's facts are past a joke. Dealing with the curative forces of Nature, he speaks of her as "forming pockets in which to collect and store pus in pyæmia; or incasing bacteria with tuberculin in the lungs of tuberculosis cases, in order to stay its ravages and to prolong the life of the victims". Now the facts are these: Pyæmia is a malady due to micro-organisms which have gained access to the bloodstream from some established focus of disease, and, being deposited here and there about the body, produce secondary abscesses at the site of their arrest. To speak of this frequently lethal event as evidence of the benign genius displayed by Nature, as though it were an advantage to have pockets of pus stored away in the economy, argues an uncommonly optimistic turn of mind but a surpassing ignorance of medicine. As to "incasing bacteria with tuberculin", Nature could as easily encase them in Elliman's Embrocation; for tuberculin is an artificial product derived, by varying methods of treatment, from tubercle bacilli cultivated in test-



tubes. Of Thomas Willis we are told that in his work on the Anatomy of the Brain he drew attention to a convolution of the brain which has since borne his name as "the circle of Willis". Now, certainly, if a man writes a great book upon the brain, and gives his name to some part of that organ, one has a right to expect that the newly christened item should be genuinely a part of the brain. Yet, unhappily for our author, in this case the unexpected has happened, and the "circle of Willis", as every student knows, is an arterial circle at the base of the brain, and has nothing whatever to do with the convolutions beyond supplying them with blood. "Dr. Luzenberg", we read, "delighted in performing little operations that required delicacy and skill. For examples: He extirpated the parotid gland in one case in which the common carotid artery had to be ligatured, so profuse was the hæmorrhage;" etc. He must have a mind of Napoleonic calibre who can regard this procedure as a "little operation"; or else he is ignorant of the meaning of what he writes. We are told that "one of M. Pasteur's latest discoveries was the etiology of rabies. This is one of his least important achievements", etc. As a fact the aetiology of rabies has not yet been cleared up, for the proximate cause of the disease is doubtful still: and a man who considers Pasteur's work on rabies as one of his least achievements is capable of saying anything. How little our author is trammelled in this matter is shown a few lines later when he purports to give a description of the method of antirabic treatment. "The remedy", he says, "consists of cultures made from the rabic microbe, obtained from the saliva of a rabid dog, attenuated to such a degree as experience has found to be the most efficient". Even for this author such a description is grotesque in its inaccuracy. For it is still questionable whether or not the rabic microbe has been discovered, and in any case it cannot be cultivated outside the body, while the immunising substance used for the treatment is an emulsion made from the spinal cords of rabbits experimentally killed by the disease under accurately defined conditions.

But it is not necessary further to multiply instances of the futility of this impossible compilation. Dr. Gorton has done both himself and his profession and his country a poor service by his unworthy performance. Before he can claim any consideration as an historian he must long have ceased to "cram" for the task, and must learn to mould his style upon someone who can save him from such monstrous excursions as the following. He is speaking of the changes consequent upon the introduction of printing. "By a process most laborious, the works of the gods of antiquity, the unfrocked and uncapped saints of learning, had been transcribed by hand, necessarily toilsome and not without mistakes and imperfections, so gross sometimes indeed as to have distorted their meaning, or to have totally misled or bewildered the reader; but henceforth this difficulty was to be removed and the scholar relieved of a situation that had caused no little unpleasant controversy among learned men in philosophy as well as in theology." This is literally transcribed. Let us hope it is a translation, and that the author has lived to repent it.

#### A BURLESQUE GRACCHUS.

**"The Last Episode of the French Revolution: being a History of Gracchus Babeuf and the Conspiracy of the Equals." By Ernest Belfort Bax. London: Grant Richards. 1911. 6s.**

IT is difficult to understand why William Morris should have suggested to Mr. Belfort Bax to investigate and give to the world the history of Gracchus Babeuf. It is true that Babeuf was a Socialist and a Communist, an honest man ready to sacrifice his life and the lives of many others for his convictions; but he was a visionary, a man of no ability, with no definite schemes capable of practical realisation. He left no followers

and no creed behind him, unless the attempt of Mr. Bax to reckon him as the progenitor of Blanqui can be substantiated. It is possible to honour an honest Revolutionist though he do not succeed; we reverence martyrs even when they fall in a hopeless cause, but a man who upsets society for a phrase and dies for a motto does not command our respect or deserve our interest. Babeuf's conspiracy is a curiosity of history—if you will, of literature; but there its interest ends. Mr. Bax has written an amusing and readable book; the information which it gives us and the lessons which it teaches us are of little or no social or political value.

Gracchus, or, according to his real name, François Noël Babeuf, was born at Saint-Quentin on Sunday, 23 November 1760, and he died by the guillotine on 28 May 1797, so that his years did not exceed the limits so often allotted to genius. He was well-educated by his father, and at the age of fifteen entered the office of a land surveyor. His father's death in 1781 caused his mother and sisters to be dependent upon him, a charge which he executed with exemplary fidelity. His father on his death-bed presented him with the Lives of Plutarch, which he was to take as a model, and made him swear upon his sword to devote his life to the service of the people, a task which he did his best to fulfil, with disastrous results to himself, and with no particular advantage to anyone else. He married at the age of twenty-two, and in July 1789 went to Paris, where he saw the Bastille taken and Foulon's head carried on a pike, a sight which filled him with delirious joy. He also took part in the Fête of the Federation on 14 July 1790. In August 1793 he was condemned by a political opponent to twenty years' penal servitude, but took refuge in Paris, where he was imprisoned, and was apparently in considerable danger till the fall of Robespierre on 9 Thermidor. He was an enthusiastic Thermidorian, until he began to attack them also, as he had attacked every party with which he had been connected.

He took a prominent share in a newspaper called the "Tribune of the People", in which he wrote articles signed Caius Gracchus, advocating absolute community of property. He was a leading member of the Society of the Pantheon, a club founded after 13 Vendémiaire to receive the rump of the Jacobins. But the Directory suppressed the "Tribune", and closed the Pantheon, Napoleon coming in person to shut up the building and to take away the keys. He became an ardent supporter of the Constitution of 1793, probably the most democratic Constitution which ever existed, even on paper. It never came into force, but Babeuf did his best to substitute it for the Directory, which certainly had every fault which a Government could have. It was the Constitution of 1793 which first introduced the Referendum, providing that no law could become valid until it had been ratified by the popular vote. He founded for this purpose a society called the Equals, who denounced the legality of the Directory, and clamoured for the establishment of their favourite Constitution. A Secret Directory, as it was called, organised insurrection, in which the Directors were to be stabbed and their Government overthrown. Unfortunately their proceedings were denounced to Carnot by one of their number, Grisset, and on 10 May 1796, the very day on which Napoleon won the battle of Lodi, the conspirators were arrested. They bore some well-known names, Drouet, the famous postmaster of Sainte-Ménéhould, who was himself a member of the Council of Five Hundred, Darthé, who had been secretary to Joseph Lebon, Robert Lindet, who lived to be Minister of Finance in 1799, and a strange creature called Buonarrotti, who claimed descent from Michael Angelo, and died as a teacher of music in 1837, after writing a history of the Babouvist conspiracy.

While Babeuf was safe in the dungeons of Vendôme, the Babouvists rose in an abortive insurrection. Their plan was to seize the Luxembourg and the persons of the Directors, to capture the camp of Grenelle and to bring the soldiers back to Paris. But the soldiers of Grenelle, like the needy knife-grinder, had no desire for liberty, and fired upon their political saviours, killing

more than a hundred of them. This put an end to Babouvism. But Babeuf and the Socialists were brought up for trial, and after a long and patient inquiry, lasting three months, Babeuf and Darthé were condemned to death. Thereupon they drew from their dress a couple of clumsy daggers, which they had themselves made of worthless metal, and plunged them into their hearts. But as the weapons broke in the attempt, it only secured them a night of torture and death by the guillotine on the following day. Thus ends the tragedy-comedy of Babeuf. It surely is not by means like these that the cause of liberty is assisted or the fortunes of democracy advanced.

#### THE SEQUEL TO "CLAYHANGER."

**"Hilda Lessways." By Arnold Bennett. London: Methuen. 1911. 6s.**

WE have waited for this story of Hilda for twelve months. Mr. Bennett has from the first drawn her with more than mere literary skill, and the glimpses we caught of her now and then in "Clayhanger" roused a curiosity which has easily survived a waiting year. The new book both satisfies and defeats expectation. It is not a sequel; for it deals with the same period, and, to a great extent, with the same events. Mr. Bennett's plan is the plan of Browning in his romance of the yellow book—to present the same events, often the same speeches, but to give them an entirely different meaning. The centre of interest has changed. It is a bold thing to do; for it cheerfully sacrifices interest in the story for itself. But the plan has a curious excitement of its own. After living in the intimate thoughts of Edwin Clayhanger it affects one strangely to see him purely from outside, or rather from Hilda's point of view. Hilda was the enigma in "Clayhanger"; in "Hilda Lessways" the enigma is Clayhanger himself. Mr. Bennett is justified of his plan.

But even bolder than the plan itself is a change in the style, and in what we might call the pace, of the narrative between the writing of the two novels. "Clayhanger" was written in Mr. Bennett's most leisurely manner. The picture was crowded with detail; the minor characters and the whole setting were meticulously finished. The new book moves more swiftly. It is more concentrated. There is more breadth of treatment, and more selection in the use of material. The change is in keeping with the character of Hilda, a creature of swift impulse, leaping intuitively to the heart of a matter, almost daemonic in her vitality and singleness of temperament. But the change is disconcerting; and it is not till one has forgotten the older story, and is well into the thick of the crises in Hilda's rapid life of the emotions, that the first uncomfortable surprise wears away, and allows one really to savour the change and to enjoy it. For this speeding up of the story, though it mars continuity of treatment, is distinctly a gain. It seems as if Hilda had taken possession of her author, and run away with him as Thackeray's creatures used to do. We picture Mr. Bennett vainly attempting to call a halt in the old way, to fill in this or that between the broader strokes of the picture; but his heroine has him firmly in hand and hurries him along protesting. Probably if Mr. Bennett had known how fast and furiously he would have to go in the second novel of his series he would have spurred himself a little in the first. As it is, the gap in manner between the two will be distinctly against the series as a whole. The gap is easily realised with a twelve months' interval between the reading of the two novels. Reading them continuously it would be even more disturbing.

The third novel of the series will be expected with even more impatience than the second. It is rather a shock to be pulled up in the middle of a break-neck gallop. The leisurely progress of "Clayhanger" reconciled one to a halt by the way: nothing much could happen in the meantime. Giving Hilda twelve

months' start is another matter. It took Edwin Clayhanger many long years to get even to the brink of marriage. Hilda was wooed, married, and a deserted wife all in the space of a few weeks. However, the waiting will be worth while. These people of Mr. Bennett have a life of their own: they are more than a literary clothes-peg. He has never done anything so good as this series of novels has so far proved. We have long known that he could be brilliant and clever: in this he is one of a crowd. But there is something more than mere cleverness in these stories. He does not impose upon us with words, and again more words. He does directly hit the imagination. The occasional evidence we find in him of a growing contempt for the mere niceties of expression places him above the "literary artists" whose words are masters of their pen. Mr. Bennett has got beyond the fear of words, which is only the beginning of wisdom in a writer. He seems already to be learning how safe it is to despise them.

#### NOVELS.

**"Oliver's Kind Women." By Philip Gibbs. London: Herbert and Daniel. 1911. 6s.**

A clever study of second-rate egoism. Oliver Lumley had a soul above the commercial pursuits by which his kin earned a scanty living, and was convinced that he could command success in literature. So the spoiled son of a hard-working ill-paid clerk took up his quarters in the West End, sponged on his family, and attempted to shine in society as well as in letters on the strength of a pleasing appearance and some journalistic facility. He was taken up by the pretty wife of a German financier, and admitted to the friendship of actresses. And at last, having outrun the constable, he made his way to the country house of a lady, as yet unseen, who had entered into literary and sentimental correspondence with him. Since Miss Virginia Garland, while not very young, was comparatively rich and not unattractive, the next step was inevitable. And since Mrs. Oliver Lumley was an old-fashioned gentlewoman with strict notions of truth and honour, accompanied by a masterful disposition, the course of their married life might also be foretold. Mr. Gibbs is not so successful in his glimpses of country life as in his sketches of Bohemia: we are incredulous about squires who find the young adventurer from London a valuable acquisition at their shoots, and about a hostess in the same circle who says in an introduction "Mr. Oliver Lumley, the Hon. Mrs. Percival".

**"The Yoke of Silence." By Amy McLaren. London: Mills and Boon. 1911. 5s.**

A story of disputes between a husband and wife, an adventuress who is the cause of trouble, and a child who brings the couple together again—these are the things to be found in Miss McLaren's book, and they have certainly been found in a good many other books as well. The subject lacks novelty, but the manner in which it is treated is absolutely archaic. The bad woman always "glides" into a room, and the child has a "flower-like" face with "starry" eyes. A perfectly new stage property is, however, provided by a parasol, in the stem of which was concealed a budget of incriminating documents, written, we presume, on very thin paper. The scene is laid in a castle in Scotland, and there is a practicable trap-door in one of the rooms. All very antique except that parasol.

**"The Shadow of Love." By Marcelle Tinayre. Translated by Alfred Allinson. London: Lane. 1911. 6s.**

We see no particular necessity for the translation into English of this study of morbid amours. The author of "La Maison de Péché" has her recognised place, and those capable of appreciating her gifts can surely read her novels in the original. This is not, on the whole, a good specimen of her work, though the descriptions of rustic life in the Limousin make the book a remarkable one in its way. But—perhaps we are prudish—we do not enjoy the detailed history of how a dying



consumptive, sent to a country doctor's house after a rackety life in the gay world, contrived to seduce his host's only daughter.

#### SHORTER NOTICES.

"The Baronetage under Twenty-seven Sovereigns." London: Nisbet. 1911. 7s. 6d.

An anonymous work on the Baronetage has appeared which purports to give a record of all transactions in relation to the dignity of Baronet. Unfortunately the author has given no references, and they cannot be verified. In so far as the chronicle relates to what followed the creation of the order, the statements are probably correct; but the object is to raise an inference that the use of the word Baronet in public records anterior to King James I. implies a meaning similar to that adopted for the new creation. There is nothing that we can discover in the early Letters Patent of King James that implies the Royal intention to revive any ancient dignity, and the expression Lesser Baron, supposing that to be the meaning of "Baronet", had an import in the seventeenth century, when lands were held by military tenure, very different from that which it has now. It has, however, been made clear that the rank of Baronet as now granted is not equal to that which was intended, and the Royal promises have not been observed. There has in consequence been continuous controversy, and little disposition has been shown to inquire into the origin and rights of Baronets. The controversy is fully stated in this work, which concludes with observations on the proceedings of a recent Departmental Committee under the presidency of the Earl of Pembroke. There resulted in fact a Royal Warrant, which we do not find in the volume, as to the legality of which observations might have been made. The present state of the law is that no person can be styled Baronet in public documents unless he is entered on a Baronets' roll kept at the Home Office, and that a fee of five pounds is demanded from every person who applies to have his name added thereto. The dignity is however subject to the same disability as all others in this country. There is no Court, since the disuse of the Court of the Earl Marshal, in which a dignity can be claimed, or before which a person wrongfully using a name of dignity can be summoned. That such a Court ought to exist, and that Baronets were granted privileges which are now denied to them, no reader of the work before us can doubt.

"Java, Sumatra and the other Islands of the Dutch East Indies." By A. Cabaton. London: Unwin. 1911. 10s. 6d. net.

Mr. Cabaton gives a most useful account of the energy of the Dutch, particularly on the agricultural side, in the development of their East Indian possessions. Their work in Java is the more interesting because Java was originally occupied by Raffles for England, and was given up to the Dutch. In early days, no doubt, the Dutch, especially under the system organised by Van den Bosch, bled the Javanese, but there came "a spirit of salutary reaction", and the state now assists both native and colonist. The natives, their lives and customs; the Dutch Administration, working through the native regents, who are controlled partly by money, partly through vanity, partly through fear; the agricultural, forestal, mining and commercial resources of the islands are all dealt with. One omission seems to suggest that the volume has not been brought quite up to date on the agricultural side. Tea, coffee, sugar, tobacco, indigo are considered in some detail: there is no account of the rubber-growing developments which have taken place in the last few years. Otherwise the volume strikes us as extremely well done.

"The Green Knight: a Vision." By Porter Garnett. Music by Edward G. Stricklen. San Francisco: Printed for the Bohemian Club. 1911.

If Wagner has been in some respects hardly treated since his death, he has perhaps also a good deal to answer for. His first idea for what afterwards grew to be "The Nibelung's Ring" was a single music-drama, "Siegfried's Death". A theatre of rough boards was to be built in the middle of a meadow; one performance of "Siegfried's Death" was to be given; then the theatre was to be set on fire and the score hurled into the flames. Thus a great artistic "deed" would be achieved, and no imitations possible. Whether the singers, instrumentalists, conductor and composer were to follow the score to destruction we cannot say. This great notion inspired the Bohemian Club of San Francisco. As an up-to-date equivalent for the Greek games, Eleusynian mysteries and solemn dramatic festivals, the Bohemians hit on the happy, characteristic idea of "jinks". They built an open-air theatre in a grove, and there, year by year, they give a single performance of a modern mystery-play with music. We

dare say they enjoy themselves mightily. But they have not the faculty of self-effacement to burn the text and music of their dramas. The itch for a wider fame and perhaps immortality is strong in them, as in other human beings: so here we have the text of one of their plays and a synopsis of the music. Music and words are both very seriously meant, and that is all we can say for them. If only the symbolism were left out, we fancy a pretty and effective pantomime for children would be left; and as the symbolism is crude and stale and symbolises nothing eternally true, nor indeed anything that matters, we suggest to these Bohemians, however they may be bent on leading the higher intellectual life in a business-like, thoroughly American way, that they might try the experiment. We should be glad to hear how it succeeds.

For this Week's Books see pages 438 and 440.

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(Continued on page 440.)

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usual notice.

The Chairman said: The year under review was a better one for  
hotels than the preceding year, and the increase in our total turnover  
shows how the hotels of the company are appreciated by the public. We  
anticipated at one time that the increase would be even greater, as we  
looked for a particularly good season on account of the Coronation  
festivities, but, although our London hotels were quite full during the  
Coronation week, the earlier months of the season were disappointing.  
This was an experience common to all the leading London hotels, and  
we can only assume that visitors who in the ordinary way made their  
visit to London early in the year deferred it this year until the time of  
the Coronation. You will, therefore, understand that the Coronation did  
not do us much good, for during the month of June we should have been  
full, as we always are in this month of the year. A normal year, with  
the business steady and extending over a long period, is best for us, and  
we hope for that in the coming year. Turning now to the accounts, you  
will observe that the large sum of £24,549 has been spent out of revenue  
on repairs and maintenance, and we propose adding another £500 to  
repairs and maintenance reserve. I have, in the course of my remarks at  
previous meetings, impressed upon you the necessity of maintaining the  
hotels in the highest degree of comfort and efficiency. You will see from  
the profit and loss account that the consumption and expenses have  
increased, but this is accounted for by the greater amount of business  
done. In the balance sheet stocks and debtors' balances show a decrease,  
due to the smaller amount of visitors' outstanding accounts and to the  
stocks being reduced. Cash in hand and at bank also shows a reduction,  
but against this we have bought £2500 more of the company's debenture  
stock for our investment fund. Your directors have constantly under  
review details of the expenditure of the company, and with the object of  
effecting an economy in the administrative offices they decided to remove  
them to an unoccupied part of this hotel. We thus save the rent,  
rates, lighting, &c., of our old premises. This economy led to another,  
as the directors hold their weekly meetings here, and as we are more or  
less in attendance during the week, it was, after mature consideration,  
resolved to take control of the hotel and save the large expense of  
management. Our decision has now been carried into effect, and the  
hotel is to-day run absolutely under the control of the directors. I would  
ask you to appreciate the fact that this was no hastily thought-out scheme.  
In a financial sense the company is in an extremely good position, for,  
besides holding ample cash balances, we have £24,256 invested in first-  
class securities. In conclusion, I am pleased to tell you that the business  
since 1 July up to date shows an increase over the same period of last  
year, and we hope that at the end of this financial year we shall again  
be able to show you a substantial increase. I now beg to propose that the  
report and balance sheet as presented to you for the year ended 30 June  
1911 be and the same are hereby approved and adopted.

Mr. Arthur Bird seconded the motion.

Mr. W. Evans expressed satisfaction with the report and profit and loss  
account for the year. He had nothing but praise for the management of  
the hotels.

Mr. John Balfour said he quite agreed with the last speaker that they  
had much to be grateful for as regarded the past year. The work of  
carrying on an hotel grew more difficult each year.

The resolution was unanimously agreed to.

Mr. Dickens said that if Colonel Oldham was present perhaps he would  
substantiate the statements contained in the circular he had issued.

The Chairman said the question raised in that circular had been fully  
dealt with, and it was not proposed to open any discussion upon it.

Colonel Oldham, addressing the shareholders from the back of the hall,  
spoke adversely of the management of the company, and maintained that  
the Board, of which he was no longer a member, should have instituted  
an inquiry into it.

Mr. Bird said that an inquiry was made, and the directors were per-  
fectly satisfied. They were sorry to lose Colonel Oldham, but he was out-  
voted on the board by five to one.

A vote of confidence in the directors terminated the proceedings.



**R. L. S.**

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